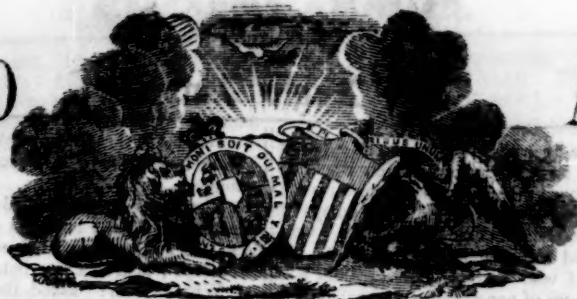


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THE FLOOD.

We take the following lines, descriptive of the deluge, from a little poem, in three cantos, recently published by Mr. Thomas Marriott, of Hyde:—

Then came a sound tremendous; thunder burst
On high above them, such as ne'er was heard
Before nor since,—so long, so loud, so dread;
At the same moment shook the earth beneath:
Noah and all his sons look'd out, and saw
Their loved and lofty mountain tottering,
Rocking and reeling like a reedy bush
Before the storm, whilst a wide chasm was made
E'en from its grassy base unto its top
Crown'd with high trees; through this the waters gush'd,
And at the same time, on each side the plain,
They flowed abundantly, whilst each house fell—
Each human habitation fell down flat;
And rose and fell the earth, like ocean waves:
E'en the firm ark that mighty shock had felt,
And quiver'd, though it moved not from its place;
Whilst all the clouds that o'er the heavens were spread
Discharged their watery burdens with such force,
No cataract e'er equal'd,—not that famed
One in the bosom of the New World's woods,
E'er pour'd its water with such vehemence,
When it was in its strength, nor yet destroyed.

In Enoch's city was a banquet held:
The great, the brave, the noble, and the fair,
Were all assembled,—men of high renown,
Women of matchless beauty, peerless forms,—
When, lo! the gloom enwrap'd them; torches came
To illumine the darkness, but pale faces show'd,
And trembling hearts within their fear's betray'd:
The chief call'd for a song, that might relieve
The deep anxiety which o'erspread all.
Just as the youthful singer's voice was raised,
And whilst his fingers trembled on the harp,
The earthquake's shock was heard—was felt; the rain
In blinding torrents came; high rose the streams,
And dash'd around the buildings; shatter'd, down
They sunk and fell, and with them sunk and fell
The great, the brave, the noble, and the fair,
To indiscriminate destruction hurl'd,
Absorb'd and swallow'd in the reeling earth.
The mightiest buildings all were overthrown;
One moment wrench'd off every roof, the next
Sent rain in copious abundance down.
Walls that had seem'd as strong as adamant
Were blown about, and scatter'd far and wide,
With joists and beams of firmest timber form'd,
Whirl'd through the air, which thicker, darker grew
Each moment with the raging elements;
Whilst all the people, running in affright,
Knew not their doom, but fill'd the air with cries
And horrid execrations, both on God
And on each other; when the awful scene
More awful grew,—to horror, horror came.
"The sea is coming in!" they cried; and came
The sea with rage resistless, unrestrain'd,
And swept before it all, and swell'd the waves
Already forming on the fated earth.
Northward they went, from the great deep below
The sun's meridian height, and roll'd along,
Fill'd every valley, spread o'er every plain,
And stopp'd the breath of all that lived and moved.
Soon they ascended up the hills, and soon
O'ertopp'd their highest peaks, where refuge sought
Some of th' adventurous, daring sons of men.
Some were swept down, and, by the torrent borne,
Whirl'd in the eddies wherein they were drown'd,
And their dead bodies floated far away;
Some by the ark swept past, some e'en alive,
And, breasting gallantly the mighty stream,
Past it were borne, and cried aloud for help,—
That help which they so lately had despised.

UNSPOKEN LANGUAGE.

It is remarkable that, while the grammar of our spoken tongue is taught in untold thousands of academies, there is no institution of any kind for instruction in that equally useful language which is neither written nor spoken. There seems to be no good reason why this kind of language should not be taught in a systematic and—so to speak—grammatical manner; for, if it may be said that it comes naturally to us all, so, it may be said, does the employment of our mother tongue; and yet, as everybody knows, we cannot use that correctly

without training. I would therefore humbly suggest the introduction into our principal schools and colleges of departments for the various leading branches of wordless speech, all of them under competent masters and mistresses, as the case might be.

An important department would be the various means of expressing anger, indignation, contempt, and other strong passions in the wordless manner. It ought to comprise classes for individuals of various sexes and ages. For example, there might be one composed of young ladies, to teach them the proper methods of showing how much they are offended, from a sulky look for an unreasonable papa or mamma, to a contemptuous toss of disdain for a swain who has made a non-reverential remark. It would be of particular consequence to train them to the art of cutting, for which purpose it might be necessary to set up a figure like the quintal of the tournament-ground, upon which to practise the desired art. Past this they would be paraded at a proper walking pace, and taught to look at it as if they did not see it, or know what it was. Cutting, we should think, might be taught to clever pupils in from four to six lessons.

The most expressive methods of slamming doors would form the business of a general class; for this is a form of silent, though not noiseless rhetoric, for which almost all have occasion. Doors may be slammed in a great variety of ways, each having its own peculiar signification. For instance, there is the sulky slam—a heavy dull mode, yet necessary for its own particular shade of feeling. There is also the pert, contemptuous slam—a sharp snappish sound, which seems to say, 'I despise you.' Then there is the thundering slam, for towering passions only, and which generally shakes the whole tenement from garret to cellar. On all of these and other slams, there would of course be sub-variations for various parties. For example, a servant's angry slam against a mistress who has been so unreasonable as point out a fault; a son's slam against his father on being refused a horse; &c. When all the varieties of the art are considered, we could not expect that, in private tuition, slamming could be well taught in less than twelve lessons.

An important department would be that for teaching the various means of expressing derogatory opinions of friends and acquaintance independently of words. The utility of the non-verbal language is here so great, that all must be sensible of it. Particular care would be necessary in the selection of teachers, particularly those who had to train young commercial men in the methods of indicating degrees of credit-worthiness; and those, again, of the female sex who gave instructions in the best modes of denoting the state of reputations. The nicest caution and delicacy being here necessary, it would be proper to engage only first rate talent, and to pay it extremely well. We can imagine the class-room for this department presenting curious scenes. Nods, winks, elevations of the eyebrows, shrugs, affectedly-concerned looks, would be seen passing between teachers and pupils in a surprising manner. A master might be seen giving lessons in the laying of a finger significantly across the lips, for half an hour at a time. A spectator unacquainted with the object would be apt to suppose the class a congregation of lunatics, when, in reality, it was engaged in preparation for some of the most important duties of social life. This allusion, by the way, reminds us of one of the things to be taught in this department; namely, the proper way of referring without words to the various degrees of sanity enjoyed by one's friends—from that movement of shoulders and eyebrows which expresses a sense of their oddity, to the pointings to, and touchings of, the forehead, by which we indicate their being hopelessly gone in madness, or, what is thought the same thing, the knowledge and goodness which soar above the common world.

One good end might be in a special manner served by the proposed institutions, and one which would, in fact, make up for the shortcomings of all other seminaries, and the obstructions to all other means of acquiring knowledge. It often happens, as every one knows, that people speak of things which none but themselves understand. What are the rest to do!—to acknowledge ignorance, and profess to be willing to learn! This were such a degradation, as none possessed of a fair share of self-respect could submit to. The alternative, of course, is to listen with that appearance of intelligence usually called a 'knowing look.' But this is called for in many various forms. For example, if a friend quotes from a Latin or French author, there is required an aspect which seems to say—'Right: you have it—the thing is undeniable.' Suppose, again, you are at an exhibition of pictures, and join a pair of friends who are talking learnedly of keeping—light and shade—colouring—tone—aerial perspective—scumbling—old woman in the red cloak to give effect to the foliage—about all of which matters you feel like a child unborn, as far as the feelings of such a member of society may be guessed at—then you will require to light up your countenance with a different kind of internal lantern. A much graver, more solemn light, it must be; consisting of a decided earnestness of eye, a primness of lips; a few firm, shrewd, sidelong glances; two nods judiciously interspersed; a toss up of the chin as you stalk away, without a single word, to the next picture, apparently determined on criticising and judging for yourself. Looks for non-understood papers at scientific societies are not less needful; for at present many grown gentlemen hardly know how to conduct themselves on those occasions. Such looks would require to be duly graduated to the character of the various papers—from a trivial, half-attentive look for speculations in geology and other such readily-apprehensible matters, to one fixed, penetrating, and determined, when the black board was getting covered over with algebraic calculations. In this department it would be well to have private hours for the more special instruction of presidents, councillors, and other officials, as it becomes particularly absurd to see the gentlemen at the green table looking as if they had not the faintest idea of what the matter is all about.

There would be a large miscellaneous department, absorbing many odds and ends. Here one might be duly trained to the silent methods of maintaining an

* "The sea is coming in!" This was the cry at Lisbon, when the sea came in, during the earthquake.

appearance of consequence—making people keep their distance, and so forth. A stare in reply to an over-familiar remark is a piece of art which would require a good deal of practice for most persons, as, to do human nature justice, we do not naturally feel jealous about dignity—witness the proceedings of children—and only acquire the sentiment in our intercourse with society. Connected with such lessons are those required for recognitions in streets and other public places—the cool nod for a friend who borrows, the *impresto* bow for the lady who gives nice parties, the mixture of nonchalance and perfect politeness to be conveyed to one whom you suppose to be an enemy or rival, so as to leave him nothing of which either to boast or complain. To chill down and battle off bores by mere mute dodging—to turn the cold shoulder in an unchallengeable manner to persons ‘not proper’—would also call for much study. All of these are utterances of a most refined nature, compared to which word-language is a piece of the grossest materiality. Decayed members of the upper classes would probably be found the only persons competent to teach such niceties. Here, also, the various feelings expressible by a turn or cast of the eyes, by a look, a smile, a pursing-up or a turning down of the mouth, and many other little gesticulations, would be subject of exercise. We would not willingly see instructions given in those mysterious applications of the thumb to the nose, which have of late years been so common, as an expression of incredulity, seeing that this practice is essentially a degradation of the human countenance divine. A polite scepticism is doubtless expressible by gestures or looks against which no such objection can be urged; and to discover and teach these, would be the business of some of the higher officials of the establishment.

Such is a general outline of the kind of seminaries proposed—liable of course to revision in point of detail, and with regard to their constitution and management. We throw it out to the world only as a hint, leaving it to others to make it a reality.

P. S.—A friend, to whom we have read what is here written, remarks that he cannot understand how an academy for the teaching of silent arts would admit of any female teachers. This is mere matter of detail. Substitutes of the other sex, with all or most of the requisite qualifications, would doubtless be found.

ELINOR TRAVIS.

A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS.

(Continued.)

Three nights after this, I was roused from sleep in my bed at the Hotel Louis Seize, (a comfortable hotel in those days, bordering on the market-place in Calais,) by a murmuring sound which at first I believed to be nothing more than a portion of an unsatisfactory dream in which I had once again found myself with Rupert and his lady in London. Satisfying myself that the dream and the sound were distinct, I was already again midway between the lands of life and death, when the tones of a voice roused me almost like a cannon-shot from my couch, and caused me seriously to inquire whether I was sleeping or waking, dreaming or acting. I could have sworn that the voice I had heard belonged to Rupert Sinclair. I jumped from my bed, and struck a light. It was twelve o'clock by my watch. For a few seconds all was as silent as the grave; then I heard most distinctly a step along the passage, into which my bed-room conducted—the sound of a door opening, closing, and immediately a heavy tread in the adjoining room. Two chairs were then drawn close to a table; upon the latter a rough-voiced man knocked with his fist, and exclaimed at the same moment—

“There are the papers, then!”

Surely I had heard that voice before. To whom could it belong? Whilst I still puzzled my brains to remember, another voice replied. It was impossible to mistake that. Most assuredly it was Rupert Sinclair’s.

“I see them!” it said; every syllable bringing fresh perspiration on my brow.

How came he here? what was his business? and with whom? A thin partition merely divided my bedroom from that in which the speakers were. Had I been inclined to close my ears against their words, it would have been difficult. Anxious, and even eager, to obtain knowledge of the movements of my friend, I made no scruple of listening most attentively to every word. Who knew but he was in the hands of sharpers, and might I not have been providentially sent to his rescue? At all events I listened, and not a syllable did I suffer to escape me.

“I know, my dear young friend,” began the rougher voice—whose but General Travis’s?—“that you are anxious to do what is best for us all. Your interest, you know, is my daughter’s, and my daughter’s is, of course, mine. We are all in one boat.”

“Yes, undoubtedly,” said Rupert.

“These debts are very large,” continued the general.

“Yes,” replied Sinclair; “and some of them must be discharged forthwith. Crawly is impatient and angry, and accuses me of having used him ill.”

“Crawly is a villain,” said the general hurriedly; “he has made a fortune out of you, and now wishes to back out. The interest alone that he has exacted has been enough to ruin you.”

“Your messenger, you say, failed to see my father?”

“Yes. His lordship closed his doors upon him, and took no notice of his letter, in which he asked that some amicable arrangement might be made with respect to the property that must evidently come to you.”

There succeeded to this a few sentences in an under tone from either party, which I could not make out.

“Then what is to be done?” murmured Sinclair again in a tone of entreaty.

“Don’t be advised by me, my friend,” said the general in a subdued voice, which I strained my ears to catch; “God forbid that you should reproach me hereafter for advice which I tender solely with a view to your peace of mind and comfort. Heaven knows you have had little peace of late!”

Rupert sighed heavily.

“I have for the last week been turning the matter over and over seriously. As I said before, I can have no object but your well-doing, and—naturally—my child’s—my child’s, Sinclair—your loving, and I know, beloved wife.”

“I believe it,” said Rupert.

“Is any one aware of your visit here?”

“Not a creature.”

“Crawly?”

“Was with me the very night I started, but he does not suspect. He believes that I am now in England.”

“Now, my dear friend, I don’t think I ought to say what”—

As ill luck would have it I coughed. The general ceased upon the instant, and opened his door hastily. I blew out my light, and held my breath.

“What was that?” asked the general in a whisper.

Both listened for a few seconds, and then the general proceeded, still whispering.

“There was a man in London whom I found in my reverses faithful and considerate; an honest man in a world of dishonesty and knavery. He is well to do in life, and he has visited me here. Nay, he is here now—has been here some days; is in this very hotel.”

“What of him?” asked Rupert.

“We are as brothers, and I have entrusted him with the history of your affairs. He is willing to assist and relieve you; and he can do it, for he has a mint of money.”

“I must borrow no more, sir,” eagerly interposed Sinclair. “My liabilities are even now greater than I can bear. My income will not pay the interest of the money that has been advanced.”

“And therefore comes my friend in the very nick of time to save you. I agree with you that it would be ridiculous to think of further loans. Your only plan now is to sell out and out. This you may do advantageously, relieve yourself of every incumbrance, and retain sufficient for the future, if you will be but moderately careful, and invest your capital with caution.”

“How do you mean?” inquired my friend.

The general whispered lower than ever, as though ashamed that even the bare walls should witness his heartless proposition. I gathered his suggestion from the quick and anxious answer.

“What!” exclaimed Sinclair, “sell my inheritance, part with my birth-right?”

“No! neither sell nor part with it—but forestall and enjoy it.”

I heard no more. There came a gentle knock at the door of the room in which Rupert and his father-in-law were speaking; the door softly opened, and another visitor arrived. Sinclair’s name was mentioned by way of introduction; then the stranger’s, which escaped me; and shortly afterwards the whole party quitted the apartment, as it seemed, maintaining a dead silence—for, listen as eagerly as I would, not a syllable could I gather. Repose was impossible that night. After keeping my position for about half an hour, I hastily dressed, and sallied forth in quest of information. I descended, and inquired of the first servant whom I could summon, the names of the English gentlemen who were then staying in the house. My answer was very unsatisfactory.

“There was Milor Anglais,” said the man who was the great referee of the house in all matters pertaining to the English tongue, “friend of Mons. le General; the gentleman as come to-morrow; Monsieur Jones who vos arrive yesterday; Monsieur Smith, his ami, and Monsieur Sir John Alderman, Esquire, with his madame and petite famille. There vos none more.”

With this imperfect information, I returned to my couch, not to sleep, but to form some plan that would save my unhappy friend from the fangs of the sharks who were about to sacrifice him to their rapacity. He stood upon the very verge of destruction. There could be no doubt of it. How to get sight of him—how to warn him of his danger—how to help him out of the difficulties into which extravagance and wickedness had brought him? These were some of the questions that crowded upon my disturbed mind during the whole of the anxious night—questions that easily came—were less easily dismissed, and still less easily answered with comfort to myself, or with prospect of salvation to my friend.

The first individual I saw, upon leaving my apartment on the following morning, was General Travis himself. He was walking hastily down-stairs, evidently about to quit the hotel. I called his name. He started more like the thief “who fears each bush an officer,” than the traveller “who fears each bush a thief,” and turned his restless eye upon me. At first he pretended not to know me—then he bowed, and continued his way.

“One moment, general,” said I, stopping him. “I have a word to say to you.”

“I am somewhat pressed for time this morning—but a moment is easily spared,” replied the general very collectedly. He followed me up-stairs, and entered my room. I closed the door.

“You have seen my friend lately?” I asked in nervous haste.

“Your friend?” rejoined General Travis. “To whom have I the honour to speak?”

His effrontery was amusing. I looked at him hard—but his countenance in no way betrayed him.

“My name is Wilson,” said I; “that of my friend, Rupert Sinclair.”

“O—h! I remember!” exclaimed the cunning master, with all the affectation of extreme surprise. “And how did you leave Sinclair—gay, giddy, and happy as ever?”

I gazed upon the man with a view to shame him into blushing. I was grievously disappointed. He returned me gaze for gaze, and looked unconscious innocence itself. I resolved to bring our business to a crisis without further parley.

“General Travis,” I began, “I was last night, I will not say the unwilling, but certainly the unintentional listener to the plan propounded by you to my inexperienced friend, your son-in-law, of whose presence in this town you seem so lamentably ignorant.”

The general *did* change colour now. He was about to speak, when I stopped him.

“Hear me!” I continued aloud and sternly. “I know the man with whom I have to deal. It is but fair that we should be on equal terms. I go this day to London to denounce your conspiracy, and to prevent its success. Your scheme for beggaring your children, and enriching yourself, clever as it is, is killed in the bud. Attempt to carry it out, and the law shall teach you even here.”

“My dear Mr.”—interposed the general.

“Let us have no argument,” I proceeded in the same loud tone; “my business is to prevent the havoc you would bring about, and rest assured I will. Make no new attempts upon the credulity of your victim, and you are safe. Take another step in the nefarious business, and I solemnly vow to heaven that I will not leave you till I have exacted a fearful penalty for your crime.”

“You really, Mr. Wilson, do”—stammered the general, with increasing awkwardness at every word.

“Where is Mr. Sinclair now?” I vehemently asked.

“Gone,” replied the general.

“Whither?”

“To England.”

“Satisfy me of the truth of this—give me your solemn promise to urge him no more to the commission of an act which insures his ruin, and I leave you. Refuse me, and I will expose your designs, and brand you to the world as the unnatural and cruel destroyer I have found you.”

The general manifestly believed me to be in possession of more than I knew.

He fairly quailed beneath my impetuosity and anger. I had expected resistance and battle. I met with mean capitulation and fear. He shuffled out apologies—entreated me to believe that he was actuated only by the sincerest wishes for his children's welfare—indeed, how could it be otherwise!—and assured me that although he might have been mistaken in the plans he had formed for Mr. Sinclair's extrication, his motives were unquestioned, and as pure as could be. Still I might see these things with different eyes, and a better remedy might suggest itself to me. For his part, he should be glad to listen to it, and to recommend it to Sinclair's attention. At all events, he was prepared to engage to proceed no further with the transaction of which I had obtained knowledge, and all he asked in return was, that I should not wait upon Lord Railton, and acquaint him with what had transpired. To communicate the matter to his lordship, would be to shut out finally and for ever the last hopes of the unhappy children.

My promise was given, as soon as I learned for certain that Rupert had set sail for London by the packet that quitted Calais harbour at an early hour that morning. My own business urged me to proceed forthwith to Paris, but I could not be easy until I had secured the fulfilment of General Travis's engagement by another interview with Rupert. Accordingly, I returned to England. My task with Sinclair was an easy one. He had already had the good sense to discover that to part with all that he had in the world for a sum that must be dissipated in a few years at the most, would be an act of madness which no amount of pressing difficulty could warrant. Moreover, the sum of money that was offered by the gentleman whose honesty and generosity had been so highly lauded by the general, had been so shamefully small, that Rupert retreated with horror from the abyss towards which he had so incautiously advanced. I received a full assurance from the harassed man that he would suffer any extremity rather than listen again to similar propositions, and then I recommenced my journey with an easier conscience. So far, a tremendous blow had been averted. But what would happen next—what scheme the general would next suggest—what measures the very critical condition of Sinclair's affairs would make absolutely necessary—it was impossible to guess—to foresee, or to think of without deep anxiety and great alarm.

Six months elapsed, and Rupert Sinclair was still rapidly descending. With increased and increasing liabilities, there was more profuseness and greater recklessness. No one knew better than Rupert himself the folly and even sinfulness of his mode of life, yet any body would have found it easier than himself to put a stop to it. He was absorbed in the existence of his wife. As I have already said, her life was his—her wishes, her thoughts, and aims. She could not desire, and he not gratify; she could not ask to be a queen amidst the throng in which she moved, and he not place her on the throne at any sacrifice, however costly; at any risk, however desperate. This was the secret of his misery. And then from day to day, he lived bankrupt-like, on hope. Something would happen. He had faith in the love of his mother, in the natural goodness of a father's heart. Time would heal the wound that had been inflicted; and incline them to look with commiseration on youthful errors easy to repair.

A glimmering of promise stole forth at this crisis of the history. The critical position of the ministry for the time being, had brought Lord Railton and his wife back to England; and I resolved, in my eagerness to serve my unhappy pupil, to see her ladyship, and to make an attempt at reconciliation, even if it should be repulsed with the insult I had met with at her husband's hands. I could not suffer Sinclair to sink, so long as one effort might save him. I had heard that, cold and selfish as Lady Railton was, love for her child had been a redeeming point in her character from the moment of his birth. Feeling surely was not dead within her! Could I but gain an interview, would it not be easy to recall in her heart natural emotions, which, though deadened, might never be entirely hushed, and to extract sympathy from a bosom already inclined to pity by love? The attempt was a bold one—but the prize, in the event of success, was not small; and surely worth a venture. I took courage, and was not wholly disappointed.

His lordship, I had heard upon inquiry, was generally absent from home during the forenoon. One morning, at ten o'clock precisely, I presented myself at Grosvenor Square, and sent my card to her ladyship. I was admitted at once. In an elegantly furnished boudoir, surrounded by all the luxuries that money could furnish, or the pampered sense demand, I beheld Lady Railton, for the first time since the marriage of her son. She sat behind an open screen, through which she spoke to me, with her eyes bent to the table on which her arms rested. She had been writing at the moment of my announcement; and though excited by my presence, her countenance betrayed more satisfaction than displeasure at my visit. A visible change had taken place in her. She was much thinner than when I saw her last; her eyes were sunken, and her cheek was very pale; she was evidently suffering from the shock which I had occasioned her, for her thin lips were tightly pressed together, and quivering at the corners. I felt deep pity for the slave of fashion; but gathered courage also from the pleasing exhibition of sensibility in one whom God had made a mother to save her from heartlessness.

"Shut the door, Mr. Wilson," said Lady Railton in an under tone, "and pray be seated."

I complied with her request.

"You have been somewhat tardy, methinks, in finding your way hither," proceeded her ladyship.

I informed her of my visit to Lord Railton, and its disagreeable termination. She had not heard of it.

"Lord Railton," she continued, "has requested me to hold no intercourse with my son, and his lordship's requests have ever been commands to me. I have not disobeyed him. But I have looked for you. I made no promise to deny admittance to you. You were his friend. When did you see him?"

"Very lately, madam," I answered.

"He is in great difficulty and trouble—is he not?"

I shook my head.

Kind nature pleaded for poor Rupert. The mother attempted to speak—once—twice: her lips trembled: she could not: a flood of tears saved her from choking.

"He is well?" she asked at length.

"Well," I answered, "but for his trials—which are severe indeed."

"What can be done?" inquired Lady Railton.

"To bring him peace of mind—to repair the mischief that has happened—to secure prudence for the future—to save him from utter ruin, I know no remedy save reconciliation with his parents."

Lady Railton sighed deeply, and exclaimed—

"Impossible!"

"Indeed!" said I, as if surprised.

"Lord Railton is inexorable. He has listened to my appeals unmoved: he will listen to them no longer. Unhappy Rupert!"

"Unhappy indeed!" said I.

"His wife is very fair, they say?"

"Lovely, madam!"

"But wilful and extravagant?"

"Wayward, perhaps, but young. Oh Lady Railton, do not revenge too harshly upon a spoiled child of nature and the world, the sins of the world's committing. Mrs. Sinclair has a warm and affectionate heart; she is devoted to her husband. Your ladyship's friendship and advice would at once render her all you could hope to find in the wife of your son. Permit me to say that the absence of your countenance has alone been sufficient to—"

"Alas! you urge in vain. I dare not see them!"

"It is a hard saying, madam," I rejoined: "may you not live to repent it!"

Lady Railton rose from her seat, came from behind the screen, and paced her small chamber with perturbation. She suddenly stopped before a cabinet—a drawer of which she unlocked, and produced from it a pocket-book.

"Take this, Mr. Wilson," she said in a hurried and faltering voice. "I dare not see him—must not correspond with him. I am his mother, and I feel bitterly, most bitterly for him. But I am Lord Railton's wife, and I know my duty. He has disgraced us—irreparably, irrecoverably. You cannot understand how deep the stain is which our name has suffered; you cannot calculate the wrong inflicted on my husband. Reconciliation is hopeless!"

"And this pocket-book, madam?" I coldly asked.

"Contains an order on my banker for three thousand pounds—all that I have been able to hoard up for my unhappy boy since he deserted us. The sum, I know, is trifling, compared with his exigencies. But what can I do! His own conduct has rendered me helpless."

Poor Lady Railton, to do her justice, suffered much from the struggle between maternal feeling and her mistaken sense of duty. Her eyes filled with tears again, and she sat before me sobbing bitterly.

"Let me entreat your ladyship," I exclaimed with animation, "to make one effort for the redemption of the children whom you may lose for ever by the stern course you now adopt. Your influence with Lord Railton is naturally and deservedly very great. I cannot bring myself to believe that he will be insensible to your appeals, if you will but urge them with the earnestness and tenderness which so well become you. I am satisfied that the difficulties of Mr. Sinclair would cease at once, and his happiness as well as your own be secured, if he could find parents and advisers in those to whom he has a right to look for advice and aid. Whatever his extravagance may have been, whatever his youthful follies, I do implore your ladyship to bear in mind, that not he alone is answerable for them, but they also in part who deserted him in the hour of his greatest need. You may save him now—when I next meet your ladyship, the time will have passed away."

"Spare me this anguish," said her ladyship with assumed calmness. "Repeat—it is impossible. The hour may come when it shall be permitted me to satisfy the promptings of my heart. Till that hour arrives, it is but torture to be reminded of my inability and weakness."

"Pardon me, Lady Railton—I have done."

I was about to rise, when her ladyship checked me.

"In that pocket-book, Mr. Wilson," she continued, "you will find a correspondence respecting the sale of Sinclair's commission."

"His commission!" said I with surprise, for I had not heard of his desire to sell out before.

"Yes. He now awaits a purchaser of his commission to be gazetted out. I have prevented the sale hitherto. Assure him—not from me, but from yourself, that however slender is the hope now of his father's ultimate forgiveness, he cuts it off entirely by that act. Let the commission be withdrawn at once from the Horse guards; the draft that accompanies the correspondence will make up to him the sum he loses."

"Am I to present it as a gift from your ladyship?"

"No—yes—as you will; but let him not write or communicate with me in any way. I have engaged to hold no intercourse with him, and I cannot disobey the injunctions of Lord Railton." I rose; her ladyship gave me her hand with an expression of good will, and then suffered me to depart without another word.

Things were really mending. In Lady Railton we had unquestionably a friend, time and opportunity serving. It was of the highest consequence to be assured of that. With her upon our side, I had no fear of eventual peace and harmony, provided measures could be taken for present difficulties: whilst, without her, every effort would have been purposeless, and even worse. Nor was this our only gleam of sunshine. When I returned to Rupert, the glad messenger of good tidings, I found that another friend had been sent by Providence to the rescue. Amongst the many high-born and eminent individuals whom the beauty and genius of Elinor had attracted to the gay habitation of Rupert Sinclair, was one who enjoyed, in an especial degree, the favour of his sovereign, and who was intimately connected by ties of blood and friendship with the commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces. The Earl of Minden had little to recommend him beyond his influence with the court and the powers that were. He belonged to an old family, of which he was the last lineal representative; was master of unbounded wealth, but was selfish, grasping, and mean to the last degree. He had a small body, but still smaller mind. Generation after generation, the head of the family to which he belonged, had held high office in the state, and had helped to govern the country without genius for statesmanship, or the ordinary ability of their humble business men. Office came to them as a matter of right, and custom had induced a people, slow to interfere with prescription, to regard the Earls of Minden as divinely appointed rulers, whom it would be sacrilege to depose. By marriage, the Earl of Minden was connected with the chief families of England: he had represented his king and country at the principal courts of Europe, where his magnificence and prodigality—for meanness itself may be lavish—had gained for him, as a matter of course, inordinate admiration and regard. Powerful with the ministry—the owner of four boroughs—the acknowledged friend, and even associate of royalty—what commoner did not feel honoured by his patronage?—what noble not gratified by his esteem? Lord Minden had but few of the weaknesses common to mankind. Proud and self-sufficient, he acknowledged no supremacy but that of woman. The only graceful infirmity of which his contemporaries could accuse his lordship, and to which posterity might point, was the infirmity of the best and the bravest—that of a facile heart in the affairs of love.

Lord Minden, charmed by the bewitching grace of Elinor Sinclair, had, as it were, gladly resigned himself to its sweet influence. He was never happier, after what were deemed the fatigues of office, than in the brilliant assembly which she could summon at her bidding; never so gay as when listening at her side to the arch sallies which drew smiles of approval from lips that seldom

cared to relax. The overbearing peer was content to play the humblest part in the scene of which she was the heroine, and to which she imparted a life and spirit that were sought in vain elsewhere. The intervention of Lady Railton had been already superseded by the generosity of one far more influential. The Earl of Minden himself had taken Rupert under his all-powerful wing. Not only was the commission restored, but promises of advancement were made, and the most flattering assurances of friendship and regard liberally offered. Lady Railton's draft, at her own request, was applied to the payment of a pressing debt. I contrived to make her acquainted with the new and incalculable acquisition that had been made. The information had all the effect I could desire; her ladyship, dazzled by the brilliancy of the prospect, and eager to make as much of it as she could, to my great astonishment sent for me, and actually opened negotiations for an interview between herself and her so recently discarded son. Oh world! world!

Before these negotiations, however, could lead to any satisfactory result, a new colour was given to the state of things, by some incidents of a most disagreeable and painful character. I was sitting in my room one morning, conning in my mind the most advisable means to adopt for the presentation of Sinclair at the parental abode, when a modest knock at my door announced a visitor of humble rank. My request to "walk in" was timidly responded to by a very old friend, in the shape of John Humphrys, the valet of Sinclair, and the oldest servant in his establishment. John had nursed his master on his knee, having been himself nursed in the house of Lord Railton's father, whose coachman had acknowledged John for his son. John had never been married, but he loved his master as faithfully as though he had been his own child, and had resigned as good a situation as any in the kingdom to follow the fortunes of the exile, whatever they might be. With this unbounded reverence for Rupert, Humphrys regarded Rupert's former instructor in the light of a demigod.

"Ah, John, is it you?" said I. "Step in, old friend, and be seated."

John obeyed awkwardly, twirled his hat about, coughed and hemmed, but said nothing.

"Well, Humphrys, what news?" I continued, to give him confidence.

Humphrys shook his head despondingly.

I grew alarmed. "Any thing amiss?" I exclaimed. "Mr. Sinclair ill, or—"

"All well—in health, sir," stammered John—"all well there. I—I am going, sir."

"Going!"

"Yes, sir," said Humphrys in a whisper, and getting up to close the door. "My heart's broke."

"Don't desert your master now, John," said I encouragingly. "You have weathered the storm hitherto. Things are mending. Take my word for it, we shall be in smooth water presently."

Humphrys shook his head again.

"Never, sir!" said he with emphasis, "as sure as my name's John."

"Explain yourself, Humphrys. What is it you have learned?"

"Too much, sir. I can bear it no longer. It is the common talk of the servants! I would have stayed with him for a crust till death, but I cannot hear him so spoken of."

"You frighten me. Go on."

"I ask your forgiveness, Mr. Wilson," proceeded Humphrys, mumbling on, "but there are strange things said, and I didn't believe them at first,—and I was ready to knock the man down that hinted them to me,—and I would have done it,—but I have seen, sir,—with my own eyes—I wish I had been blind!" suddenly and passionately exclaimed the good fellow, his eyes overflowing with honest tears.

"Man, man!" said I hastily and vexed. "You talk in riddles. What is it you drive at?"

"Can't you guess, sir?" he answered meaningly.

"Guess!"

"Yes, sir,—Mrs. Sinclair!"

"Mrs. Sinclair!"

"And Lord Minden."

"Lord Minden! For God's sake!"

"Hush, sir!" said John, putting his finger to his lips. "I wouldn't have any body overhear us for the world. But it's true, it's true, as I am a living man."

"It is a lie!" I cried—"an infamous and slanderous lie! Some tale of a discharged and disappointed servant—a base conspiracy to destroy a good man's character. For shame, John Humphrys—for shame!"

"I don't wonder at you, sir," continued Humphrys. "They were my own words; and, until I was satisfied with my own eyes of the truth of what I had heard, I wouldn't have believed an angel from heaven. God knows, Mr. Wilson, it is too true. We have lived to see terrible things, sir."

I entreated Humphrys to be still more explicit, and he was so. His communication went to show that the interference of Lord Minden in the affairs of his master was far from being disinterested, and that the price to be exacted for the preferment was much too great to make preferment or even life desirable to Rupert Sinclair. If I was horrorstruck at this announcement, how shall I describe my feelings when he further stated, with a serious and touching earnestness, that, as he hoped for salvation hereafter, he firmly believed that Rupert Sinclair was a party to his own dishonour. I was about to strike the fellow to the earth for his audacity; but I reflected for a moment, and was relieved of a load of oppression. I could have laughed outright, so overjoyed did I at once become, with the sudden upsetting of this tremendous fabrication. Sinclair a party to his own dishonour! Any thing short of that might have found me credulous. That accusation would have destroyed the unimpeached evidence of saints. I recovered myself and spoke.

"You are an honest man, John Humphrys," said I, "a good servant, and faithful, I believe. But go your ways, and let not the wicked impose upon you more. Your tale is too good by half. Tell your informants, that, if they look for success, they must be less ambitious: if they desire to bring conviction to their listeners, they must not prove too much. And beware!"—I proceeded in a more serious tone—"how you give currency to the slander you have brought to me. You love your master. Show your fidelity by treating this calumny with the scorn it merits."

"Sir," answered Humphrys, "if I were to be called from this world to-night, I could not retract the words I have spoken. I have not hinted to another what, alas! I know to be true. You may be sure I have no desire to circulate Mr. Sinclair's infamy. I shall leave his service, for with him I can no longer live.—and you will soon learn whether or not I have uttered the truth. Oh dear! oh dear!" he added, with a sigh of despair,—"what will the world say?"

I dismissed John Humphrys, and turned to my own affairs. It was neither prudent nor becoming to listen further to the revelations of such a person; I

would not even permit him to explain to me how he had arrived at the convictions which no doubt he honestly entertained. It was sufficient to hear the charge he brought against poor Rupert, to be convinced that the man was grossly deceived; that he had been cruelly imposed upon by vicious and vindictive men. But, could I be otherwise than deeply aggrieved by the rumour which had arisen, and which was not likely to lose on the lips of those who would be too eager to give it currency? It was a new and unexpected element in the complicated misfortunes of Lord Railton's house. Unexpected? What, Walter Wilson, and had not suspicions crossed your mind before, of the probability of such slander? Had you not many times angrily repulsed intruding thoughts that savoured of uncharitableness towards the volatile and beautiful wife? Had not prejudice before her marriage rendered you cruel; and experience since—did it not tend, if not to foster cruelty, to sustain alarm? But Rupert a party to his own dishonour! Monstrous! Ridiculous! Absurd!

Either the perseverance of Lady Railton, or the magic power of Lord Minden's name, had achieved a miracle. The stony and stubborn heart of Lord Railton was mollified. True, he hesitated to forgive his son; true, he would not see him; but he graciously submitted to be spoken to on his son's affairs, and even went so far as to admit me to an audience, in order that I might explain, as well as I knew them, the difficulties under which Mr. Rupert Sinclair at present laboured. The doors of Lord Railton's house opened wide on the auspicious morning. The sun shone brilliantly in Grosvenor Square. The porter was a living smile from head to foot. The under butler all blandness and homed words. He rubbed his hands when he received me, bowed patronisingly and preceded me to his lordship's study with the air of one who knew which way the wind was, and that it was blowing pleasantly. There was a frozen air about the house when I had visited his lordship before—now it was summer-like and warm. Then every thing seemed bound with iron clasps,—men's mouths, and hearts, and minds; and even doors and windows. Now, every thing looked free and open, pleasant, hospitable, inviting. Could it be that I had changed,—or was it only that Lord Railton's note was different, and that the universal heart of that great house had pitched itself to the prevailing key?

No word of apology was offered for former rudeness. His lordship, as before, presented me with his finger, and then proceeded to our business. He had heard, he said, of Lord Minden's kind interference on behalf of his son, who was indeed most unworthy of his lordship's favourable notice; nay, he had been spoken to by Lord Minden himself, and desirous as he was at all times to comply with the wishes of any member of his Majesty's Government, he could not but feel, that when their wishes pointed to the advancement of his own flesh and blood, there was additional reason for listening to all they had to urge. For his part, if Lord Minden should feel justified in extending his patronage to Mr. Sinclair, he, Lord Railton, on his side, should deem it a matter of grave consideration, whether it would not be advisable to extricate the object of Lord Minden's favour from the liabilities which he had thoughtlessly incurred. Not that Mr. Sinclair must look for pardon—or reconciliation—yet; that is to say, until Lord Minden should be satisfied that his protégé had deserved the gracious favour of His Majesty, and had shown himself worthy of the condescension, &c. &c. &c.

The upshot of the long harangue was, that as soon as Lord Minden should aid in promoting Sinclair, Lord Railton would be ready to pay his debts—and to receive terms for peace, provided the patronage of the commander-in-chief continued to rest upon the fortunate scapegrace, and His Majesty thought him still a fit object for the exercise of his royal favour. Translated into honest English, Lord Railton's proposition was neither more nor less than this,—“I will forgive my son, as soon as circumstances render my forgiveness not worth a button to him. I will withhold it so long as it is necessary to save him from ruin, and to restore him to tranquillity.” A right worldly proposition too!

Lord Railton requested, as a preliminary step, to be informed of the exact state of his son's affairs; and I, as mediator, undertook to lay it before his lordship. I quitted the mansion in Grosvenor Square to procure at once the necessary documents from Sinclair. Approaching the house of the latter, I perceived standing before the door two horses and a groom. I advanced, knocked, and was informed that groom and horses were the property of the Earl of Minden, who was then with Mrs. Sinclair, and that Mr. Sinclair himself was from home. I had no right to feel uncomfortable at this announcement, yet uncomfortable I was, in spite of myself. “When does Mr. Sinclair return?” I asked.

The two lackeys who listened to my question exchanged an almost imperceptible smile, and replied, that “they could not tell.” That smile passed like a dagger to my heart.

I hesitated for a moment—left my card—and then withdrew.

I had not proceeded to the corner of the street before I turned round instinctively, and without a thought. To my joy I perceived Rupert making his way from the other extremity of the street to his own door. I moved to meet him. He came nearer and nearer—approached within sight of the horses and groom—and then turned back. What did it mean? Why did he not go home? I grew giddy with coming apprehensions. Whilst I stood motionless on the path, I felt a touch upon my shoulder. I perceived John Humphrys.

“Here, sir,” said the man, “you have seen with your own eyes what I have seen every day for the last month. As soon as Lord Minden arrives, Mr. Sinclair goes out, and never returns until he takes his departure. If he should by chance return whilst his lordship's horse is standing there, he walks away, and does not think of coming back until—”

“It is a lie! a dream!” I exclaimed, almost bewildered. “It cannot be!”

“I wish to say nothing, sir,” proceeded Humphrys. “You have seen, you have seen!”

“I have! I have!” I cried, coming to myself. “I wash my hands of him and his. Father of Heaven! can such wickedness exist—and in him, in him? But I have done with him for ever!”

And so saying, I fled maniac-like from the accursed spot, and vowed in my excitement and indignation to return no more. I kept my word.

THE GREAT NORTHERN DRIFT.

Sir R. I. Murchison, in his late work on Russia, devotes a considerable space to an account of the blocks of stone, of various sizes, which are scattered in great profusion over a wide extent of that country, as well as over a large portion of the rest of Europe. These erratic blocks or boulders are composed of granite, quartz rock, and greenstones of various sizes, from three feet in diameter to nine and ten, some even of the enormous size of 40,000 cubic feet. They are scattered over an extent of country—from Hamburg on the west, to the White Sea on the east—covering an area of two thousand miles in length by four or five hundred miles in breadth. They have been termed erratic, as they have evidently been transported from a distance, and as they are common to the whole extent of country; while the detritus on which they frequently rest is

composed of the local rocks and fragmentary matter of the separate districts, varying in character with the various rock formations of those districts. As these erratic blocks appear to be identical in character with the rock formations of the Scandinavian mountains lying to the north-west, and as the general direction of the drift has been traced as proceeding from north-west to south-east, the general term of 'Great Northern Drift' has not inaptly been applied to this deposit.

Though very generally scattered over the surface of the area just mentioned, yet there are some places where the boulders are wanting. In fact they appear to be distributed in zones or belts, in a longitudinal direction, with certain spaces between where none are to be seen. Generally, too, the higher portions of ground are thickly strewn with them, while none are to be found in the valleys. The largest masses of stone are found deposited in the northern part of the country, while towards the south the blocks diminish in size. Thus, in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg, masses of ten feet in diameter are of frequent occurrence, while around Moscow the blocks rarely exceed two or three feet in diameter; occasionally, however, some of the larger masses are found even a considerable way south.

As the greater part of the present surface of Russia, over which these boulders are so profusely scattered, is now level and uniform, with no high mountains or extensive declivities, the question arises—By what agencies were they transported to the positions which they now occupy? Sir R. I. Murchison is of opinion that the nature of the surface of the country precludes the idea that they were transported by glacier action at a period when the surface had already become dry land and is more inclined to believe that the transportation took place while yet the present land was covered with the waters of the ocean. This transportation, he thinks, may have been due to the effects of two agencies. In the first place, to the action of 'waves of translation,' caused by the elevation of the Scandinavian mountains, by which an impulse would be given to the oceanic waves, sufficient, according to some late calculations, to produce the effect required; and, in the second place, to the transporting power of floating icebergs.

By this latter means, several of the phenomena attending the present position of the drifted masses can be readily explained. Thus the accumulation of blocks on the higher ground, while none are to be found in the valleys, may be accounted for by supposing that those prominences existed in the former seas, and that here the icebergs were arrested in their course, and detained till the summer sun melted them down, and liberated the imbedded masses of rock which they contained. The present aspect of the country exhibits these boulders as if they had been arrested while ascending declivities—as if they had been forced up hill, and in a contrary direction to the present course of the flowing rivers; while there are evidently no high mountain-ridges near from whence they could have been derived!

The disposition of these blocks in zones or belts, with intervening spaces containing none, may be accounted for from the position of the mountains towards the north and west, where they derived their origin. Thus a space of interruption between the mountain-chains in that direction, where no icebergs existed, and where of course there could be no fragments of rocks detached, would thus cause deficiencies in the currents, which bore from north to south in a regular and parallel direction.

There are strong grounds for believing, then, that during the period of the transport of this Great Northern Drift, the whole of the northern part of Russia was under water; that the Scandinavian mountains were alone elevated above the ocean; and that from this source were derived the masses of primary rocks which are now found so profusely scattered over the surface of the now elevated continent. At this period, too, the great Uralian chain appears to have existed as dry land, and to have formed a barrier to the extension of the erratic drift farther to the eastward. In the wide Siberian valleys to the eastward of this chain, and in the lake countries to the southward, there then lived innumerable herds of the mammoth and Siberian elephants, whose bones now strew those districts in immense profusion, and where even whole carcasses of those animals—with the flesh and hairy covering of the skins entire, and in singular preservation, and the ever-during icebergs of that region—are not unfrequently met with. These animals appear to have been of a particular species, with long hair, fitting them for the vicissitudes of a northern climate, and with teeth so formed as to be adapted for masticating the twigs and succulent branches of trees as well as leaves. It is conjectured that, during the hot summers of the more southern part of the continent, these gigantic herds migrated to the borders of the cooler lakes to the northward, and that here many of them dying in successive seasons, left their skeletons; and not a few perhaps, being suddenly enveloped in the cold of a changing climate, thus had their whole bodies effectually embalmed and transmitted entire to a wondering posterity.

MARLBOROUGH'S DESPATCHES.—1708-1709.

[Continued.]

On the surrender of the town, no time was lost in prosecuting the operations against the citadel, and the line of circumvallation was traced out that very evening. But this undertaking proved more difficult than had been expected, and several weeks elapsed before any material progress was made in the operations, during which Villars made good use of his time in completing his new lines to cover Valenciennes and Conde. The garrison of the citadel, though unequal to the defence of the town of Tournay, was quite adequate to that of the citadel: and the vast mines with which the whole outworks and glacis were perforated, rendered the approaches in the highest degree perilous and difficult.

The governor, M. De Surville, proposed, on the 5th of August, to capitulate in a month if not relieved; and to this proposition, Marlborough and Eugene with praiseworthy humanity at once acceded; but the King of France refused to ratify the terms proposed, unless the suspension of arms was made general to the whole Netherlands, to which the allied general would not accede. The military operations consequently went on, and soon acquired a degree of horror hitherto unparalleled even in that long and bloody contest. The art of countermining, and of counteracting the danger of mines exploding, was then very imperfectly understood, though that of the besieging above ground had been brought to the very highest degree of perfection. The soldiers, in consequence, entertained a great and almost superstitious dread of the perils of that subterranean warfare, where prowess and courage were alike unavailing, and the bravest, equally as the most pusillanimous, were liable to be at any moment blown into the air, or smothered under ground, by the explosions of an unseen, and therefore appalling, enemy. The Allies were inferior in regular sappers and miners to the besieged, who were singularly well supplied with that important arm of the service. The ordinary soldiers, how brave soever in the field, evinced a repugnance at engaging in this novel and terrific species of warfare: and it was only by personally visiting the trenches in the very hottest of the fire, and offer-

ing high rewards to the soldiers who would enter into the mines, that men could be got who would venture on the perilous service.

It was not surprising that even the bravest of the allied troops were appalled at the new and extraordinary dangers which now awaited them, for they were truly of the most formidable description. What rendered them peculiarly so, was, that the perils in a peculiar manner affected the bold and the forward. The first to mount a breach, to effect a lodgement in a horn-work, to penetrate into a mine, was sure to perish. First a hollow rumbling noise was heard, which froze the bravest hearts with horror: a violent rush as of a subterranean cataract succeeded; and immediately the earth heaved, and whole companies, and even battalions, were destroyed with a frightful explosion. On the 15th August a sally of M. De Surville was bravely repulsed, and the besiegers, pursuing their advantage, effected a lodgement in the outwork: but immediately a mine was sprung, and a hundred and fifty men were blown into the air. In the night between the 16th and 17th, a long and furious conflict took place below ground and in utter darkness, between the contending parties, which at length terminated to the advantage of the besiegers.† On the 23d a mine was discovered, sixty feet long by twenty broad, which would have blown up a whole battalion of Hanoverian troops placed above it; but while the Allies were in the mine, congratulating themselves on the discovery, a mine below it was suddenly sprung, and all within the upper one perished in the ruins. On the night of the 25th, three hundred men, posted in a large mine discovered to the Allies by an inhabitant of Tournay, were crushed by the explosion of another mine directly below it; and on the same night, one hundred men posted in the town ditch were suddenly buried under a bastion blown out upon them. Great was the dismay which these dreadful and unheard of disasters produced among the allied troops. But at length the resolution and energy of Marlborough and Eugene triumphed over every obstacle. Early on the morning of the 31st August the white flag was displayed, and a conference took place between the two commanders in the house of the Earl of Albemarle; but the governor having refused to accede to the terms demanded—that he should surrender prisoners of war—the fire commenced, and a tremendous discharge from all the batteries took place for the next three days. This compelled the brave De Surville to submit; and Marlborough, in consideration of his gallant defence, permitted the garrison to march out with the honours of war, and return to France, on condition of not serving again till exchanged. On September 3d the gates were surrendered; and the entire command of this strong fortress and rich city, which entirely covered Spanish Flanders, was obtained by the Allies.

No sooner was Tournay taken than the allied generals turned their eyes to Mons, the next great fortress on the road to Paris, and which, with Valenciennes, constituted the only remaining strongholds that lay on that line between them and Paris. So anxious was Marlborough to hasten operations against this important town, that on the very day on which the white flag was displayed from the citadel of Tournay, he dispatched Lord Orkney with all the grenadiers of the army, and twenty squadrons, to surprise Ghislain, and secure the passage of the Haine. On the 3d, the Prince of Hesse-Cassel was dispatched after him with 4000 foot and 60 squadrons. Lord Orkney, on arriving on the banks of the Haine, found the passage so strongly guarded that he did not deem it prudent to alarm the enemy by attempting to force them. The Prince of Hesse-Cassel, however, was more fortunate. He marched with such extraordinary diligence, that he got over forty-nine English miles in fifty-six successive hours; a rapidity of advance, for such a distance, that had never been surpassed at that though it has been outdone in later times.† By this means he reached the Haine on the other side of Mons, and surprised the passage near Obourg, at two in the morning of the 6th, and at noon he entered the French lines of the Trouille without opposition, the enemy retiring with precipitation as he advanced. He immediately extended his forces over the valley of the Trouille, fixed his headquarters at the abbey of Belian, and with his right occupied in strength the important plateau of Jemappes, which intercepted the communication between Mons and Valenciennes. It was on this height that the famous battle was between the French Republicans under Dumourier in 1792: another proof among the many which history affords how frequently the crisis of war, at long distances of time from each other, takes place in the same place. By this decisive movement Marlborough gained an immense advantage;—Mons was now passed and invested on the side of France; and the formidable lines, thirty leagues in length, on which Marshal Villars had been labouring with such assiduity during the two preceding months, were turned and rendered of no avail.

While the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, with the advanced guard of the army, gained this brilliant success, Marlborough was rapidly following with the main body in the same direction. The force besieging Tournay crossed the Scheldt at the bridge of that town, and joined the covering force under Eugene. From thence they advanced to Sirant where they were joined by Lord Orkney with his detachment, which had failed in passing the Haine. On the 6th, having learned of the success of the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, who had turned the enemy's lines, and got between Mons and France, the allied generals pushed on with the utmost expedition, and leaving their army to form the investment of Mons, joined the prince in the abbey of Belian. Both commanders bestowed on him the highest compliments for the advantages he had gained; but he replied, "The French have deprived me of the glory due to such a compliment, since they have not even waited my arrival." In truth, such had been the celerity and skill of his dispositions, that they had rendered resistance hopeless, and achieved success without the necessity of striking a blow. Meanwhile Marshal Boufflers, hearing a battle was imminent, arrived in the camp as a volunteer, to serve under Villars, his junior in military service; a noble example of disinterested patriotism, which, not less than the justly popular character of that distinguished general, raised the enthusiasm of the French soldiers to the very highest pitch. Every thing announced a more sanguinary and important conflict between the renowned commanders and gallant armies now arrayed on the opposite sides, than had yet taken place since the commencement of the war.

During these rapid and vigorous movements, which entirely turned and broke through his much-vaunted lines of defence, Villars remained with the great body of his forces in a state of inactivity. Aware that he was to be attacked, but ignorant where the blow was first likely to fall, he judged, and probably rightly, that it would be hazardous to weaken his lines at any one point by accumulating

* A very striking incident occurred in the siege, which shows to what a height the heroic spirit with which the troops were animated had risen. An officer commanding a detachment, was sent by Lord Albemarle to occupy a certain lunette which had been captured from the enemy; and though it was concealed from the men, the commander told the officer he had every reason to believe the post was undermined, and that the party would be blown up. Knowing this, he proceeded with perfect calmness to the place of his destination; and when provisions and wine were served out to the men, he desired them to fill their calashes, and said, "Here is a health to those who die the death of the brave." The mine in effect was immediately afterwards sprung; but fortunately the explosion failed, and his comrades survived to relate their commander's noble conduct.

† Mackenzie's brigade, which joined Wellington's army after the battle of Talavera, marched sixty-two English miles in twenty-six hours.—Napier, ii. 412.

forces at another. No sooner, however, did he receive intelligence of the march of the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, than he broke up from the lines of Douay, and hastily collecting his forces, advanced towards that adventurous commander. At two in the morning of the 4th, he arrived in front of him with his cavalry, but conceiving the whole allied army was before him, he did not venture to make an attack at a time when his great superiority of force would have enabled him to do it with every chance of success. The movement of Villars, however, and general *feux-de-joie* which resounded through the French lines on the arrival of Marshal Boufflers, warned the allied leaders that a general battle was at hand; and orders were in consequence given to the whole army to advance at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 7th. A detachment of Eugene's troops was left to watch Mons, the garrison of which consisted only of eleven weak battalions and a regiment of horse, not mustering above five thousand combatants; and the whole remainder of the allied army, ninety thousand strong, pressed forward in dense masses into the level and marshy plain in the middle of which Mons is situated. They advanced in different columns, headed by Marlborough and Eugene; and never was a more magnificent spectacle presented, than when they emerged from the woods upon the plain, and ascended in the finest order, with their whole cavalry and artillery, as well as infantry, the undulating ground which lies to the south of that town. They arrived at night, and bivouacked on the heights of Quaregnon, near Genly, and thence on to the village of Quevy, in a line not three miles in length, and only five distant from the enemy; so that it was evident a general battle would take place on the following day, unless Villars was prepared to abandon Mons to its fate.

The French marshal, however, had no intention of declining the combat. His army was entirely fresh, and in the finest order; it had engaged in no previous operations; whereas a bloody siege, and subsequent fatiguing marches in bad weather, had sensibly weakened the strength, though they had not depressed the spirits, of the allied soldiers. The vast efforts of the French government, joined to the multitude of recruits whom the public distress had impelled into the army, had in an extraordinary degree recruited his ranks. After making provision for all the garrisons and detached posts with which he was charged he could bring into the field no less than a hundred and thirty battalions, and as they had all been raised to their full complement, they mustered sixty-five thousand infantry, and twenty six thousand horse, with eighty guns; in all, with the artillery, ninety-five thousand combatants. This vast array had the advantage of being almost entirely of one nation, speaking one language, and animated with one spirit; while the allied force was a motley array of many different faces and nations of men, held together by no other bond but the strong one of military success and confidence in their chief. Both armies were of nearly equal strength, under the command of the ablest and most intrepid commanders of their day; the soldiers of both had acted long together, and acquired confidence in each other; and both contained that intermixture of the fire of young, with the caution of veteran troops, which is of the happiest augury for military success. It was hard to say, between such antagonists, to which side the scales of victory would incline.

The face of the country occupied by the French army, and which was to be the theatre of the great battle which was approaching, is an irregular plateau, interspersed by woods and intersected by streams, and elevated from a hundred and fifty to two hundred feet above the meadows of the Trouille. Mons and Bavay, the villages of Quevrain and Giory, formed the angular points of this broken surface. Extensive woods on all the principal eminences both give diversity and beauty to the landscape, and, in a military point of view, added much to the strength of the position as defensible ground against an enemy. Near Malplaquet, on the west of the ridge, is a small heath, and immediately to the south of it the ground descends by a rapid slope to the Hon, which finds its way by a circuitous route by the rear of the French position to the Trouille, which it joins near Conde. The streams from Malplaquet to the northward all flow by a gentle slope through steep wooded banks to the Trouille, into which they fall near Mons. The woods on the plateau are the remains of a great natural forest which formerly covered the whole of these uplands, and out of which the clearings round the villages and hamlets which now exist, have been cut by the hands of laborious industry. Two woods near the summit level of the ground are of great extent, and deserve particular notice. The first, called the wood of Louviere, stretches from Longueville in a north-easterly direction to Cauchie; the second, named the wood Taisnere, of still larger size extends from the Chaussee de Bois to the village of Bouson. Between these woods are two openings, or Trouees as they are called in the country—the Trouee de la Louviere, and the Trouee d'Aulnoet. Generally speaking, the ground occupied by the French, and which was to be the theatre of the battle, may be described as a rough and woody natural barrier, stretching across the high plateau which separated the Haine and the Trouille, and pervious only by the two openings of Louviere and Aulnoet, both of which are in a very great degree susceptible of defence.

The allied army consisted of one hundred and thirty-nine battalions, and two hundred and fifty-three squadrons, with one hundred and five guns; mustering ninety-three thousand combatants. The two armies, therefore, were as nearly as possible equal in point of military strength—a slight numerical superiority on the part of the French being compensated by a superiority of twenty-five guns on that of the Allies. Among the French nobles present at the battle, were no less than twelve who were afterwards marshals of France. The son of James II., under the name of the Chevalier of St. George, who combined the graces of youth with the hereditary valour of his race, was there; St. Hilaire and Folard, whose works afterwards threw such light on military science, were to be found in its ranks. The Garde-du corps, Mousquetaires gris, Grenadiers *a cheval*, French, Swiss, and Bavarian guards, as well as the Irish brigade, stood among the combatants. The reverses of Louis had called forth the flower of the nobility, as well as the last reserves of the monarchy.

Early on the morning of the 9th, Marlborough and Eugene were on the look-out at the Mill of Sart, with a strong escort, consisting of thirty squadrons of horse. From the reports brought in, it was soon ascertained that the whole enemy's army was in march towards the plain of Malplaquet, on the west of the plateau, and that Villars himself was occupying the woods of Lasnere and Taisnere. His headquarters were at Blaugnies, in the rear of the centre. The two armies were now only a league and a half separate, and Marlborough and Eugene were clear for immediately attacking the enemy, before they could add to the natural strength of their position by intrenchments. But the Dutch deputies, Hooft and Goslinga, interfered, as they had done on a similar occasion between Wavre and Waterloo, and so far modified this resolution as to induce a council of war, summoned on the occasion, to determine not to fight till the troops from Tournay were within reach, and St. Ghislain, which commanded a passage over the Haine, was taken. This was done next day, the fort being carried by escalade, and its garrison of two hundred men made prisoners; and on the day following, all the reserves from Tournay came up. But these ad-

vantages, which in themselves were not inconsiderable, were dearly purchased by the time which Villars gained for strengthening his position. Instead of pushing on to attack the allies, as Marlborough and Eugene had expected, to raise the siege of Mons, that able commander employed himself with the utmost skill and vigour in throwing up intrenchments in every part of his position. The nature of the ground singularly favoured his efforts. The heights he occupied, plentifully interspersed with woods and eminences, formed a concave semicircle, the artillery from which enfiladed on all sides the little plain of Malplaquet, so as to render it literally, in Dumont's words, 'une trouee d'enfer.' Around this semicircle, redoubts, palisades, abattis, and stockades, were disposed with such skill and judgment, that, literally speaking, there was not a single inequality of ground, (and there were many,) which was not turned to good account. The two *trouees* or openings, in particular, already mentioned, by which it was foreseen the Allies would endeavour to force an entrance, were so enfiladed by cross batteries as to be wellnigh unassailable. Twenty pieces of artillery were placed on a redoubt situated on an eminence near the centre of the field; the remainder were arranged along the field-works constructed along the lines. Half the army laboured at these works without a moment's intermission during the whole of the 9th and 10th, while the other were under arms, ready to repel any attack which might be hazarded. With such vigour were the operations conducted, that by the night of the 10th, the position was deemed impregnable.

During these two days, which were passed in inactivity, awaiting the coming up of the reinforcements from Tournay, which the council of war had deemed indispensable to the commencement of operations, Marlborough and Eugene had repeatedly reconnoitred the enemy's position, and were fully aware of its growing strength. Despairing of openly forcing such formidable lines, defended by so numerous and gallant an army, they resolved to combine their first attack with a powerful demonstration in rear. With this view, the rear-guard, which was coming up from Tournay under General Withers, of nineteen battalions and ten squadrons, received orders not to join the main body of the army, but, stopping short at St. Ghislain, to cross the Haine there, and, traversing the wood of Blangris by a country road, assail the extreme left of the enemy at the farm of La Folie, when the combat was seriously engaged in front. Forty battalions of Eugene's army, under Baron Schulemberg, were to attack the wood of Taisnere, supported by forty pieces of cannon, so placed that their shot reached every part of the wood. To distract the enemy's attention, other attacks were directed along the whole line; but the main effort was to be made by Eugene's corps on the wood of Taisnere; and it was from the co-operation of the attack of Schulemberg on its flank, that decisive success was expected. All the corps had reached their respective points of destination on the evening of the 10th. Schulemberg was near La Folie; Eugene was grouped, in four lines, in front of Taisnere; and the men lay down to sleep, anxiously awaiting the dawn of the eventful morrow.

At three in the morning of the 11th, divine service was performed, with the utmost decorum, at the head of every regiment, and listened to by the soldiers, after the example of their chief, with the most devout attention. The awful nature of the occasion, the momentous interests at stake, the uncertainty who might survive to the close of the day, the protracted struggle now to be brought to a decisive issue, had banished all lighter feelings, and impressed a noble character on that impressive solemnity. A thick fog overspread the field, under cover of which the troops marched, with the utmost regularity, to their appointed stations: the guns were brought forward to the grand battery in the centre, which was protected on either side by an *epaulement* to prevent an enfilade. No sooner did the French outposts give notice that the Allies were preparing for an attack, than the whole army stood to their arms, and all the working parties, who were still toiling in the trenches, cast aside their tools and joyfully resumed their places in the ranks. Never, since the commencement of the war, had the spirit of the French soldier been so high, or so enthusiastic a feeling infused into every bosom. With confidence they looked forward to regaining the laurels, under their beloved commander, Marshal Villars, which had been withered in eight successive campaigns, and arresting the flood of conquest which threatened to overwhelm their country. No sooner did he mount on horseback at seven, than loud cries of "Vive le Roi!" "Vive le Marechal de Villars!" burst from their ranks. He himself took the command of the left, giving the post of honour on the right, in courtesy, to Marshal Boufflers. On the Allied side, enthusiasm was not so loudly expressed, but confidence was not the less strongly felt. They relied with reason on the tried and splendid abilities of their chiefs, on their own experienced constancy and success in the field. They had the confidence of veteran soldiers, who had long fought and conquered together. In allusion to the numerous field-works before them, and which almost concealed the enemy's ranks from their view, the sarcastic expression passed through the ranks, "We are again about to make war on moles." The fog still lingered on the ground, so as to prevent the gunners seeing to take aim; but at half-past seven it cleared up; the sun broke forth with uncommon brilliancy, and immediately the fire commenced with the utmost vigour from the artillery on both sides.—[To be Continued.]

THE KING OF THE COMMONS.—A DRAMA.

By the Author of "The Earl of Gowrie."

The commendation which we have already bestowed on this writer will justify us in pointing out more particularly the defects that stand in the way of his more complete success. Dramatic composition, in the difficult form of five acts, is now so much a tentative process, and the opportunities of the needful apprenticeship are so few, that it behoves critic and poet to concur together, on all convenient occasions, as to the means for the avoidance of unnecessary peril, if not for the achievement of certain triumph. Mr. White had, very properly, as it appears from the preface, availed himself, on rehearsing the drama before us, of Mr. Macready's experience:—but the actor's judgment was probably directed to the perfecting of his own part, while to the general contour of the play he would give a less anxious attention. Time was, when audiences too were fain to be content with this;—when a single good part, and even a good scene, would command respect. But it is no longer:—the correctness of the outline and the skilful filling in of the details, demand, now, especial care from those who would satisfy the increased expectations of the public.

We should recommend Mr. White to study rather the manner of Shakespeare than that of Beaumont and Fletcher. Our great dramatic poet is careful, whatever disguises his characters may assume, to place us in early possession of the secret of their personality:—his rivals, on the contrary, prefer often the manner of the novelist, and provide a surprise for the audience at the conclusion. Mr. White has imitated their bad example. The play opens with Buckie, of Drumshorlan; who, as our readers know, subsequently turns out to be the disinherited nephew of George Weir, and chief of a robber band; but whom we are permitted, for a long time, to mistake for an honest blunt countryman, and no more.

When, therefore, we find the king attacked by robbers, the occurrence has an accidental air; and we fail to connect it with any person of the drama. The explanation follows in another scene—about as bad an arrangement as can well be conceived: and even then, we have no connection suggested between the Buckie mentioned in the text and our rough, plain-speaking country friend.

Nor has the dramatist been careful to interpret sufficiently the political relation of the king and his barons. They and he are suddenly projected on to the stage, loud in ire; but as to the cause, we have only the merest inference. Now, in order to provide for future exigencies, the ground should have been well laid—after the example of the greatest dramatic poets—at the commencement of the play, even at the risk of a little tedium. At that point, the audience expect the necessary revelations, and are prepared for an exercise of patience—knowing that they are about to be rewarded for it in the better understanding of the plot. We should have had distinctly detailed, at the opening of this drama, the political collision between Scotland and England,—the misunderstanding between James and his peers,—the long and proved friendship between the monarch and Seton,—the personal identity of poor outlawed Buckie, and his relation, as well as that of Madeline and Malcolm, to Sir Adam Weir. These things premised, the action would have gained in clearness, interest, and unity. All would have seemed parts of a whole,—rather than, as now, disconnected links, which the reader or spectator can only unite by taking the trouble that the author himself has declined.

It is essential, too, in a drama that the right things should be in the right places. Now, the materials of the present play are unobjectionable. Nearly everything, it may be allowed, is in it that should be there,—but scarcely anything in its proper position. We have already recorded that, in performance, the action came to a standstill in the third act, by reason of the stage being then unduly occupied with Mungo Small's absurdities. The dialogue there given to our Usher was correct and characteristic enough in itself, but should not have intruded at that point of the drama. Somewhere early in the second act an interval of repose might have been artistically introduced, wherein the exhibition of such a character would have been amusing and accompanied with appropriate incidents. This would have required, of course, some slight alterations in the order of events, but the proper disposition of materials is paramount to all other considerations. Observe how, in the second act of "Othello," Shakspeare provides for a similar passage, while Desdemona is waiting for the hero landing in Cyprus. Imagine such a scene postponed to the third act, where all the weight of passion and interest should accumulate! We have before remarked on the anti-climax system of concluding each act with the least important business, and, therefore, need now do no more than advert to that mistake.

We come, then, to the pleasanter task of pointing out some of the meritorious points in the new drama. Take the following dialogue between Sir Adam Weir and King James:—

Sir A. Are you of Scotland, friend?
James. No need ask that.
If you but hear the music of my voice,
And see the graceful rounding of my cheek.
Oh, yes: I'm Scotch enough!
Sir A. I saw at a glance
You were no Frenchman!
James. No, I faith—not I;
My foot's a little too heavy;—no, Sir, nothing
But a plain Scot—and honest, as times go.
Sir A. You look so, Sir!
James. Looks are deceitful, Sir:
I rede you trust them not!
Sir A. A brave-tongued knave!—
And were you travelling all alone, my friend,
When this befel?
James. Yes, all alone; intent
For Stirling, on some business of my own.
Sir A. Of weight, perhaps?
James. Ay, business of such weight
That I could trust no hand with it but my own.
Sir A. A friend, perhaps, might aid you—
James. Well—a friend!
There is no saying what a friend might do.
But, I make little doubt the quest I'm on
Will prosper as it is!
Sir A. I have some power—
Some influence in the realm, and may give help
If you require it.
James. Sir, you're passing kind,
And it may chance that I require your help
In what I aim at.
Sir A. [Aside.] If I could gain him now
To bear my message!—And your home, you say,
Is Stirling?
James. Sometimes.
Sir A. Or was't Edinburgh?
James. Sometimes there too.
Sir A. A wanderer, I perceive:
Have you crossed sea?
James. This fellow questions hard.
Oh, yes; I've been a rover, wet and dry,
And can trim sail, and hand, and reef, and steer,
With e'er a skipper in Leith.
Sir A. A trader, Sir?
James. In most things—from sweet looks to a true friend,
To a sword point held to an enemy's throat.
Sir A. I like sweet looks best—Did you travel far
In other lands? For wines, perhaps, to the South?
James. Ay, Sir: I've seen the walls of Bordeaux town
Rise, mid rich vineyards, on the shores of France,
And the whole land lie like a perfumed bride
On her green couch, with birds for choristers,
And a blue sky, unknown to this cold clime,
Hung over like a gorgeous canopy.
Sir A. You speak like a brave stringer of rich words—
A poet, as I may say.
James. I've tried it, Sir;
But poetry's a poor trade, and only fit
For white hands and weak heads.

Sir A. You're libellous
On our good king: he rhymes, you know.
James. Oh, does he?
I hope, Sir, he rhymes well.
Sir A. I'm not a critic,
But I have heard some men of good repute
For wit and judgment—
James. Well, what said they?—quick!
Sir A. Men that knew what the tricks of rhyming were—
James. Well, well—they praised the verses!
Sir A. They! not they!
James. Why, what the devil—but—go on, go on!
Sir A. You're pleased to see a brother rhymester mock'd—
Another proof you're of the poet's tribe.
James [Aside.] Why, what a twaddling, sensible old fool!
This is no traitor. Ah, sir, Poesy
Holds no communion with such thoughts as these.
In her enchanted garden, 'mid the flowers,
Grows no base thing; but in the balmy air,
Walking, as angels walked in Paradise,
Hope, and her sister, white-robed Charity,
Move onward, circled by the arms of Love!
The poet—but, grace Marie! what an ass
To talk of Paradise and jangling stuff.
Forgive it, sir.
Sir A. There's nothing to forgive.
Its pretty, very pretty—not quite plain
To dull old ears like mine, but pretty, pretty!
[Aside.] The very man I prayed for—all is safe.

This is pleasant writing, and the following is better:—

Proofs! and of Seton's guilt! Can it be so!
He was my friend—from five years old—so high;
We had the same masters, played at the same games—
Coits—golf. Fool! fool! to think that anything
Can bind a heart. I thought his heart was mine,
His love—his life—and to desert me now!
Viper! He shall not live to laugh at me—
At the poor king that trusted. Viper—dog!
My lord, this thing you say is full of proof!
Bishop. Ay, sir. Be firm.
James. Firm! There's no tyrant king
That flung men's hearts to feed the beasts 't the circus;
That tore men's limbs with horses for their sport;
That sent men to the tigers, and looked on
To see them quivering in the monsters' claws,
Was half so firm—so pitiless! [Enter Seton.] You're here.
Seton. Welcome, king liege, to Holyrood again!
James. Back—back—keep off me! We're your King, Lord Seton!
We will be just—we were in anger late.
We're calm. Though it should burst my heart in twain,
I will be calm. [Aside.]
Seton. My liege, what means this change?
I am not used to hear so harsh a voice
From my kind master—from my friend!
James. Not that!
By heaven, we're friend to not a man on earth!
No—never more!
Seton. You are unjust to me.
You wrong me—oh, you wrong me, Sir!
James [aside.] Oh, heaven!
That I should hear a traitor borrow thus
John Seton's voice, and look through Seton's eyes!
Now, then, my lord; what say you of this man?
Bishop. That he deceives you.
Seton. I! you false-tongued—but,
Forgive me my rough speech; you wear a garb
That checks my tongue.
James. In what does he deceive?
Bishop. He and Lord Hume—
James. What! he, too! Where's Lord Hume?
Bishop. I blame not him, my liege!
James. No. Is he true?
Send me Lord Hume; I'd see at least one man
That keeps his faith!
Seton. My liege, I know not yet
What charge the good Lord Bishop brings against me;
But if 'tis breach of faith, of love, to you,
I will not say he lies—but it is false.
James. Say on, say on—be sure your proof is strong;
For this is such an hour I would not live it,
For all the wealth of earth. Quick! Have it o'er!
Bishop. You bear command, Lord Seton, of the host!
James. He does!
Bishop. And yet you entertain advice
With English Dacre. Nay, deny it not;
I've seen the messenger in close discourse
At night, within your tent. I know his errand,
For I have trusty watchers in the camp.
James. Do you deny this?
Seton. I cannot deny—
James. Villain! you can't deny it! Oh, shame—oh, shame!
Where will you hide you? But go on—we're calm.
Bishop. His errand was to offer you great sums
Of English gold.
James. Was this his errand?
Seton. Yes.
James. And your base coward sword sprung not at once
Forth from the sheath? You did not slay the man!
Seton. No!
Bishop. And he sent a message back to Dacre,
And gave the envoy passage and safe conduct.
James. Is all this true?—Oh, Seton, say the word,
One little word—tell me it is not true!

Seton. My liege, 'tis true.

James. Then, by the name we bear,
You die!—a traitor's death! Sirrah! the guard. [*Exit Usher.*]
I will not look again to where he stands.

(*Enter Guard: they stand by Seton.*)

Let him be taken hence—and let the axe
Rid me of—Seton! is it so in truth,
That you've deceived me—joined my enemies?
You—you—my friend—my playmate!—is it so?
Sir, will you tell me wherein I have failed
In friendship to the man that was my friend?
I thought I loved you—that in all my heart
Dwelt not a thought that wronged you.

Seton. You have heard

What my accuser says, and you condemn me—
I say no word to save a forfeit life—
A life is not worth having, when't has lost
All that gave value to it—my sovereign's trust!

James (to the Bishop). You see this man, sir—he's the self-same age

That I am. We were children both together,—
We grew—we read in the same book—my lord,
You must remember that—how we were never
Separate from each other; well, this man

Lived with me, year by year; he counsell'd me,
Cheer'd me, sustained me—he was as myself—
The very throne that is to other kings
A desolate island rising in the sea—

A pinnacle of power, in solitude,
Grew to a seat of pleasure in his trust.
The sea, that chafed all round it with its waves
This man bridged over with his love, and made it

A highway for our subjects' happiness—
And now! for a few pieces of red gold,
He leaves me. Oh, he might have coin'd my life
Into base ingots—stript me of it all—

If he had left me faith in one true heart,
And I should ne'er have grudged him the exchange.
Go, now. We speak your doom—you die the death!

God pardon you! I dare not pardon you—
Farewell.

We have written and quoted enough to possess the reader of the precise amount of skill and talent expended in the present production. There is enough to justify the hopes that are entertained of the author. As we have already said, the diction of the play is sufficiently elegant, though less poetic than could be wished. When we think of the glorious passages and weighty lines, full of emotion and illustration, with which our elder drama abounds, we cannot but feel that, with all its smartness, there is something wanting in such a dialogue as we have now extracted. But we commend to the author's serious attention the remarks which we have made above; and advise him, in future, to a more careful manipulation of his verses, and the cultivation of a profounder poetic conception.

THE STEPSON.

[Concluded.]

Since the circumstances above related, he had spoken neither with his father, the subrector, nor Christian Schein. All essays towards reconciliation had failed, and the persons just mentioned and himself had, when they casually met, met as strangers.

"What you have told me," said I, when Ludwig Sturmang had finished his narration, "is a most curious and suspicious story, and if some strange error be not at the bottom of the whole, it is clear that a great crime was contemplated by some one. Appearances are certainly against you, and I wish you would answer me a few questions, which, I need not say, I do not put to you officially but as a friend. Tell me sincerely, are you conscious of no negligence, of no thoughtlessness, of no fault in this matter?"

"Good God! Mr. Assessor, do you hold me capable of such?"

"Every one is capable of an over-sight."

"In this matter, I am conscious of none."

"Do you believe that the substance in the saucepan was poison?"

"I don't know what to think."

"Did you carefully lock up the poison you had bought?"

"Carefully—and put the key in my pocket."

"Why did not you use the poison at once, for the purpose you got it for?"

"I did use about the half of it?"

"Ay! You didn't tell me that before. When did you use it—and how?"

"About nine o'clock the same day that the whole disturbance happened, I boiled the solution in the kitchen, and washed my horse with it immediately after."

"Did you leave the kitchen while it was on the fire?"

"Not a moment."

"Did Christian Schein know that you had bought the poison?"

"I have no doubt he did—the whole house knew it."

"Had he gone to the town that morning, or the day before?"

"Not to my knowledge. But I begin to see that you have conceived the same suspicion that I entertain myself."

"What is that?"

"That Schein himself put the poison into the soup."

"What! You suppose that he meant to poison you, and fell into his own snare? I confess that does not seem to me very likely."

"Nay, I do not look on him as capable of such a deed, though I will not deny that I think him a bad fellow: God knows."

"Christian Schein makes no favourable impression upon me, but to practise against the lives of his stepfather and stepbrother, and even of the servants, against whom he could have no cause of enmity—to contemplate such wholesale murder is a stretch of wickedness which I will not impute to him."

"Nor I, though all that is less than the crime my own father imputes to me." Then, supposing he had meditated this crime, how very improbable that he should have blundered so as to eat of the poisoned food himself. But I will see you again in a few days, and I hope we shall be able to get some light on the subject. Good bye."

I proceeded to Sturmang's to the apothecary, and demanded a sight of his poison book. It appeared that, in the month of August, 18—, by virtue of a police certificate, two ounces of arsenic had been sold to Ludwig Sturmang.

Neither Captain Sturmang, nor Schein, nor any one else in the house, had bought poison that year, nor the year before. After a few days, I went out to Dornfeld again, requested a private conversation with the captain, told him that his son had communicated to me all the circumstances of their disagreement, so far as they were known to him, and begged him, if he thought me worthy of his confidence, to give me his version of the occurrences. He related them pretty nearly as Ludwig had done, and at the end asked me if I now found his conduct towards his son any way unnatural or inexplicable.

"But, my dear captain," said I, "are you then convinced beyond all doubt that the substance in the pot was arsenic?"

"I know it, sir," replied he; "for I drove into town, as I have told you, with the doctor, and had the stuff examined by the apothecary, who at once pronounced it arsenic."

"But how can you tell that your son, Ludwig, threw this poison intentionally into the pot?"

"I am certain of it. Not only the maid can testify that he was the whole morning prowling about the kitchen, but Theresa—my housekeeper—saw him, from her storeroom, go to the fire and put something into the pot."

"No doubt, into the pot in which he was making the wash for his horse."

"Not at all! he was done with that by nine o'clock, and went into the stable, as he pretended, to wash his horse. It was half past ten when the housekeeper saw him at her pot."

"If that be true, I cannot deny that there are good grounds for your suspicion—at the same time suspicion is not proof."

"Not proof! By —, sir, you are proof against proof, I think! Look here! My son and I quarrel—a son, mark you, that never loved me; I don't say whose fault that is—mine, perhaps—but such is the fact; there never was love between us. Well, we quarrel, he wants his money—he can't marry without it; I refuse to give it him. The easiest way for him to get this money, and the rest of my property into the bargain, is, to put me out of the way. He was, from childhood up, quick in his determinations: he buys arsenic, for his horse he says, but my stepson is near being poisoned next day with his dinner; arsenic is found in the soup-kettle; the house-keeper has seen my son at that very soup-kettle. By —, sir, I say there's proof there to hang a man: I have knotted a man to the yard-arm myself on less proof; an English jury would send a man to the gallows on a quarter as much."

"I will not say that appearances are in your son's favour, and yet I cannot resist the conviction I have of his innocence. I acknowledge that he would have a bad chance with a jury, even out of England: still his frank, honest face, I think, could not but have its effect even in that suspicious nation, where, in direct contradiction to what they boast of the spirit of their law, every man is held guilty till he can prove himself innocent. To my mind, Captain Sturmang, there is that in your son's countenance and manner which totally forbids the belief of his being capable of the crime you attribute to him. And then the unblemished life he has now, for several years, led in our town—that will weigh in his favour with all reflecting men. Believe me, there is some sad mistake at the bottom of all this business—perhaps something worse."

"Ay, truly, is there something worse, and no persuasion will make me think otherwise."

"Well, suppose your suspicions just, your son has suffered for his crime—has proved himself a reformed man by his conduct ever since. Do not be implacable: if he had not sinned you would have nothing to forgive; if he has, forgive him."

"My good sir, I have thought upon that point, and made up my mind. I forgive him what he has done, but I do not and cannot forget it. You may tell him that; I forgive him, but I will not have him come into my sight. As for my fortune, a stiver of it he shall never touch, if he were to go to law with me ten times over."

"Have you spoken with the subrector on the subject?"

"I have; he is just such another sentimental blockhead as—I was near saying something uncivil—and would have persuaded me to a complete reconciliation."

"The subrector?"—cried I, in astonishment.

"Ay, ay, the subrector—what do you see so wonderful in that? That's just like him. But I have told him roundly that that's out of the question; to be friendly to my son is not in my power; I can't answer for myself, but I might say something disagreeable to him—it is better we keep separate, give one another as wide a berth as possible. And now, my good sir, if you do not want to make me angry, talk to me no more on this subject."

My mouth was closed by the last words. However, I got a step further, and, although I took good care not to quit the ground I had gained, I was far from intending to stop there. I now did my best to put the old sailor in a good humour with himself and me, led the conversation to his voyages, got him into a discussion about the comparative merits of carronades and cannons, in which— heaven forgive me! I took up (knowing nothing of the matter) the side I saw he was opposed to, merely for the purpose of letting him beat me, which I must say he did in a very effectual manner. This gave him great pleasure, and when I was going away he begged me, with real heartiness, often to come and see him, squeezed my hand, and declared that he considered me an honest man. I asked him to come and see me, and said my wife would be much gratified to make his acquaintance, to which he replied that he did not like going out of his own four walls, but would call me a real good fellow if I would bring my wife with me the next time I came, though, he added, it was scarcely a place for a lady, and she would find little to repay her for the trouble of the visit.

This was exactly what I wanted; for my plan was to make an attack upon him with the help of his daughter-in-law, an unassuming and amiable young creature, whom, I thought, it was impossible he should hate, although she had been the immediate unhappy cause of the family dissensions. Should he conceive a liking for her—or should she inspire him with ever so slight an interest, it might be hoped that he would at least not suffer her and her children to want, and would perhaps even find an excuse for his son, in the matter of the unfortunate law-suit, in the eagerness of the latter to possess himself of such a treasure as this lovely young woman.

I communicated this plan to my wife, and got her to go to Madame Sturmang for the purpose of inducing the latter to come into it. It was not without hesitation and fear that Madame Sturmang consented to the project; she had heard too much of the blunt manners, stern temper, and rooted prejudices of her father-in-law, not to tremble at the thought of presenting herself to him; the uncertainty of the result, and the dread of being rudely and savagely treated by the old merman, balanced the hope of rendering her husband a service beyond price. The sense of duty, however, triumphed over that of fear, and a day was fixed for our visit to the old gentleman.

Accordingly, it might be three weeks after my last interview with Captain Sturmang, my wife and I, with Madame Sturmang and her eldest boy, took

our places in a carriage, and drove out to Dornfeld. The young wife was to be presented to our host as a friend of my wife's, and the rest was to be left to the chapter of accidents. I believe there was not one of us whose heart did not palpitate as the carriage drove up to the door; even the little boy had an agitated look, caught perhaps from the reflection of his mamma's. The captain, who had had notice of our visit, was on the steps to receive us. All right, but—O mercy! there stood our evil genius, the sub-rector, behind him! "I wish you were where the pepper grows," thought I, "or in a hotter place." I had reason for the wish: in the moment that we halted, received and returned the captain's greetings, and were preparing to get out of the carriage, the harsh voice of Mephistopheles cried—

"Eh! what's all this! You here Madame Sturmgang!"

The captain started back, as if he had seen a Gorgon:—

"Where is Madame Sturmgang!" cried he.

Without speaking, the sub-rector lifted his arm, pointed with his fore-finger at the unhappy and trembling young wife, now half-choked with her tears, and stood in this position so long that he gave one the impression of a hand-post, only that he pointed the way old Sturmgang's compassion and kind feelings were not to go.

My wife and I, who had already stood up from our places, sank back into them with fright; this saved us a trouble, for the captain, whose astonishment had given place to indignation, called out to me with the iciest politeness—

"Mr. Assessor, you have mistaken the house. This is not the inn; you will find it about half a mile further on, in the village."

"One word, captain."

He turned on his heel, went into the house, and shut the door behind him; the ill-omened handpost was no longer in view—it had done its work. "Home," said I to the coachman.

"*Oleum et operam peridi*," muttered I to myself, and did all in my power to tranquillize the young wife, who was near fainting, and could relieve herself only by tears. When we stopped at young Sturmgang's, I had no need to tell him how my attempt had sped; the short time we had been away, and the disconsolate air of his wife, gave him but too sure evidence of its unhappy issue. The pain his features expressed, showed that he had sincerely wished and hoped for peace with his father, and it was most reluctantly that I was compelled to add to his grief, by declaring that I could interfere no further in the matter. Half a year passed, after this, without my seeing either the young merchant or old Ironskull again.

The president of the Provincial Court had obtained leave of absence, for the purpose of visiting the baths of P—, and the direction of affairs devolved upon me; this confined me almost the whole day to my office, which was contiguous to the sitting-room of my wife. One day the bell rang, my wife went out to see who was there, I heard eager talking in the hall, and presently after the cry of an infant in the next room. What the deuce, thought I, does she bring such an animal here for! To my no small alarm the music came nearer, and by-and-by my wife entered the office, with a carefully wrapped up baby in her arms!

"Look, love!" said she, "what a darling little cherub!"

"O Lord!" cried I, "no nearer, there's a good soul! Take the darling little cherub away!"

"Yes, but I have to tell you something first," rejoined my wife; "the poor little dear has just been found in the fields."

"In the fields! Ay, ay! Who found it?"

"The people are there in the hall."

"Capital! I had too little business on my hand as it was. Well, call them in—call them in."

Four countrywomen and three children were now ushered in, and I glanced involuntarily at the three chairs which the office contained.

"If the whole village these good women belong to is coming," said I to my wife, "I must beg you to get the drawing-room in readiness, and to put all the chairs in the house into it, for we must have places for Assessor R— and the clerk of the court, whom I will thank you to send for immediately."

The examination was begun, and the story told by young and old was this. The three children had gone into the fields to glean, heard a faint cry, and found on a crossway, near a farm house, the child lying. They ran into the house, into the village, spread the news, the four women came about the same time to the spot where the deserted creature lay, and forthwith commenced a procession to town, and to my office. I asked if any of them had given the child drink. Not one—the compassionate souls had been afraid, one and all, to take it into their houses, lest they should have to keep it. They were all agreed that no girl out of their village could be the mother of the child, as there were not the slightest grounds for supposing that a secret *accouchement* had taken place there. As soon as I had dismissed them, I called in my wife, whom I asked if she had any baby-linen by her. She blushed to the eye at this question in the presence of the assessor and the clerk.

"There's no help for it; you must act as child's maid; strip the little thing to the last thread, and dress it in whatever you have got, for we must take the clothes it has on *ad acta*—but for heaven's sake, get it something first to stop its roaring."

The little one's clothes were of rather finer materials than ordinary; but there was no mark to be discovered, which might serve as a clue to the mother. The child was given to a woman to take care of, and the tipstaff was sent the same evening to all the shopkeepers in the town, to show them its little coat, and to ask them if they remembered having sold any of that description of calico, and named different maid servants in Zell who had bought some of it; but the inquiries set on foot gave no grounds of suspicion against any of these. The next day the tipstaff was sent with the cloth to the neighbouring villages, to show it to as many women as possible, in the hope of obtaining in this way a clue to the delinquent. This measure succeeded: before midday he came back with intelligence that several women of a village near Dornfeld declared they had seen Captain Sturmgang's housekeeper, Theresa Froberg, wear a gown of this stuff three years before, which they remembered by this token, that they had censured her at the time among themselves, for wearing garments above her degree, and prophesied there would no good come of it. The tipstaff, before returning to X., had asked an out-door servant of Captain Sturmgang's how were all at Dornfeld, and received for answer that all there were well, except Madame Theresa, who was ill in bed.

My next step was to send the district physician to visit this woman, and from his report I learned that she had been delivered of a child within a few days, but was now in a state which admitted of her being judiciously interrogated. I repaired accordingly to Dornfeld, and had no difficulty in obtaining from her, in her first alarm, the confession that she had, three days before, given birth to a child, the father of which was Christian Schein, her master's stepson; that she had given the babe to Schein, who left it in the neighbourhood of hu-

man habitations, that it might be the sooner found, and not perish. She acknowledged that this was the second child she had borne to Christian Schein, but the former was still-born, and had been buried by its father in the garden.

To arrest Schein was now the most pressing concern, but, on taking steps for that purpose, we discovered that that bird was flown, having first broken open the captain's desk, and taken out of the same three hundred dollars in gold. The housekeeper, however, I had removed to Zell (on the doctor's certifying that this might be done without danger), and placed in the prison infirmary, under the charge of a careful nurse.

The next morning the sub-rector entered my office, with a face rigid as that of the statue in Don Juan.

"Mr. Assessor," said he, in a hollow voice, "I come to you on a distressing occasion."

I requested—in no very sympathizing manner, I am afraid—to know how I could serve him.

"You are conducting the investigation of this affair of my brother's housekeeper?"

I bowed?"

"And my nephew is implicated?"

"Sir," answered I, "you should be aware that a magistrate engaged in a criminal investigation does not take every casual inquirer into his confidence."

"As you please: I know, however, that he is implicated."

"Then, sir, as a magistrate, I must ask you *how* you know it?"

"From common report, and from my brother-in-law."

"Humph!"

"I come to make a request of you. My unfortunate nephew has absconded, and the tribunal will of course do its utmost to trace and arrest him. But it would be a bitter disgrace for me to see the name of my sister, of my nephew, in the Hue and Cry. Can you, and will you, not do something to prevent this scandal?"

"You will excuse me, Mr. Sub-rector, if I say that I have no very urgent motive to interfere with the cause of justice, for the sake of sparing you a mortification."

"I see you are prejudiced against me—misunderstandings"—

"Ah!—misunderstandings."

"I am convinced, Mr. Assessor, that you are judging me unjustly. It is true that I have suffered myself to be imposed on by that unhappy young man—that I have had a better opinion of him than he deserved. He has deceived me, brought shame and grief upon his family, made our honest name a town-talk. I confess I expected, for all this, rather compassion than insult from you."

"Mr. Sub-rector; I should be sorry to insult misfortune; but I will acknowledge that I do not feel very strongly moved to compassion for you, because I have seen how little you showed for that poor young fellow, Ludwig Sturmgang, who nevertheless had nearer claims on you than you have on me."

"Did he deserve compassion? God pity my poor brother-in-law, betrayed by those who are nearest to him! The hand of a stranger will close his eyes, for one son after another shows himself unworthy to do it!"

"That is not so certain. I believe young Sturmgang fully worthy to perform that pious office, and should be sorry, Mr. Sub-rector, to be the wall of partition that separates father and son."

"There is no one but my brother-in-law himself that can remove the wall of partition, as you call it. I have often enough tried to bring them together, to move my brother-in-law to forgiveness. But Ludwig is to the full as impracticable as his father, and after he had so contumaciously rejected my mediation, I don't see how I should have gone on pressing it on him. No, I look on that young man as doubly unworthy, without sense of filial love or of common gratitude."

"And have you, Mr. Sub-rector—have you endeavoured to mediate in this unhappy quarrel?"

"To be sure I have: who should, if I did not?"

"Who, indeed! And may I entreat you to tell me in what manner the young man, as you have expressed it, contumaciously rejected your mediation?"

"My nephew Christian, who wished as much as I do to see the good understanding between his father and his brother restored, went several times to Ludwig, to induce him, if possible, to abandon the law suit. On these occasions, Ludwig expressed himself, regarding me, in a way that made me highly indignant—asserted that I belied him with his father with a view to get a share in his inheritance myself. Such aspersions, I confess, had the effect of greatly embittering my feeling towards him, and I felt in no way called upon to make him a personal visit—which otherwise I should have done. However, about two years ago, I had got my brother-in-law a good deal softened, sent my nephew to Ludwig, and bid him use the moment, as I was convinced that if he would now beg his father's pardon, a complete reconciliation would be brought about. How was my good will requited! Ludwig answered my nephew, 'Tell your uncle, he may tan the hides of his scholars as much as he pleases, but that I am a little too old to have the fifth commandment flogged into me.'"

"Your nephew brought you that message from Ludwig?"

"He did—and a still more impertinent message than that: 'And tell him, moreover,' added this graceless young man; 'that he may bless his stars that he has not me for a scholar, for I would get up a revolution in the school-room, and by'—I need not repeat his oaths—we'd flog the flogger.'"

"Very disrespectful, indeed."

"That was not the worst. 'And as for my father,' he went on, 'you may tell him from me that the state showed its judgment in not promoting him, and that it was a fortunate day for the navy when he left it. And tell him he did well when he planted me behind a counter instead of taking me to sea, for by'—more oaths—'I'd have had the crew in a mutiny in three days, and we'd have hung the old tiger at the yard-arm.' I should like to know, Mr. Assessor, what you think of that?"

"And your nephew delivered that message to Captain Sturmgang?"

"He did with fear and trembling."

"Well, Mr. Sub-rector, I begin to think we have all of us fallen into some errors of judgment. But no more on the subject at present—leave the rest to me. I have now to attend the court, and must pray you to excuse me."

When a culprit has once made a confession of his main offence, it is generally not very difficult to bring him to acknowledge his minor ones. This reflection induced me to examine the housekeeper with respect to the poisoning affair. To my surprise and vexation she stuck to her old story, that she had, from the store-room, seen Ludwig Sturmgang spill something out of a paper bag into the soup-kettle, and at every subsequent examination she repeated this without variation. I had the young man summoned, and asked him (though not on his oath, as it was possible that he might, in the course of the inquiry, have to appear before the tribunal as an accused person) when he had last spoken with Christian Schein. He answered, on the day he left his father's house, I

admonished him that it was probable this question might be put to him on his oath within a few days. He replied that he could give no other answer to it than he had now done. In reply to further questions he distinctly denied that he had ever had a conversation with his stepbrother respecting the sub-rector or a reconciliation. I asked him (without mentioning the assertion of the housekeeper) had he gone at all to the soup-kettle on the day of the alleged attempt to poison. He answered most decidedly in the negative; there was nothing to take him to the soup-kettle on that or any other day. The whole business seemed to me a tangled yarn, and I dismissed Ludwig Sturmgang without coming to any conclusion.

"After all," thought I, "he may be guilty, and that a jury would pronounce him so is almost certain. Theresa Froberg's intrigue with Schein to be sure, throws suspicion on her testimony; and yet her persisting in it now, after the flight of her lover, and when she can have no conceivable interest in blackening young Sturmgang, is, to say the least, very embarrassing. In my heart I'm convinced of his innocence; but—thank heaven I'm not on his jury."

An event occurred the next day which solved the riddle. A letter addressed to the housekeeper, and bearing the Bremen post-mark, was handed to the court; it was from her seducer, and ran thus:—

"DEAREST THERESA,—Before I leave my country for ever, I cannot resist the impulse which bids me send you a last—an eternal farewell. I am, you will be glad to hear, safely arrived in Bremen, and sail an hour hence for New Orleans. Ere you receive this, the shores of Europe will have disappeared from my view. We shall meet no more. Forget me, Theresa; but be assured that you will never be forgotten by,—Your sincerely broken-hearted

"CHRISTIAN SCHEIN."

On reading this letter, the unfortunate creature broke into bitter tears, and cursed the author of her misery. She now confessed that she had been the tool of this miscreant in her inculpation of Ludwig Sturmgang. Schein had promised her marriage, but there were two hindrances to the fulfilment of the promise—the life of Captain Sturmgang, and Ludwig's claims as his heir. The captain was old, and breaking down; they could reckon on his being soon out of the way, but the heir was a more serious obstacle. Schein, however, had long profited by the absence of the younger Sturmgang, to ingratiate himself with the old man, and insure himself, at least, a legacy; nor had he neglected his many opportunities to blacken Ludwig in his father's eyes. Ludwig's betrothal, and the pecuniary disagreement between him and his father, enlivened the hopes of the abandoned pair to make their harvest at his expense, and the accidental circumstance that his horse fell sick at Dornfeld, and that he got arsenic to wash it, inspired them with the hellish plan, which was as hastily carried out, as it was conceived, of making the old man believe that his son intended to poison him. By the prospect of being now shortly able to marry, Schein induced the housekeeper to aid him in this work. She went in the evening into the town, and bought a sufficient quantity of tartar emetic; this she gave to Schein, who placed in her hands the arsenic, which he had got, by means of a false key, out of his brother's desk. Theresa put the poison into the soup after she had served her lover with his own portion, and thus, having mixed the emetic in it, he immediately took. It was not long down before he was seized with vomiting; he cried out that he was poisoned; the housekeeper pretended to recollect having seen the captain's son put something into the pot; it was examined, and the arsenic was found. This plan succeeded: the father and son were irreconcilably disunited; the latter hardly knowing why, for Theresa's testimony against him had never come to his ears, and he was not aware of his father's grounds either for believing that the matter found in the pot was arsenic, or for concluding that he had put it in.

To exasperate both parties the more against each other, and to render any danger of a reconciliation more unlikely, Christian Schein had fabricated the malediction and threat of ignominious treatment, which he announced to Ludwig on the part of his father, and had afterwards brought to the captain and the sub-rector accounts equally mendacious, of his having visited young Sturmgang on errands of peace, and of the insulting messages, to both the old gentlemen, by which the rebellious son had met these overtures.

Theresa Froberg had been the faithful ally of Schein in all these measures; and, even when their intrigue came to light, and the seducer absconded, she continued to keep the secret of their alliance, believing that Schein, once beyond the reach of pursuit, would not fail to provide her with the means of rejoining him, or would even, perhaps return, when the scandal was blown over, and sit as fast as ever in his stepfather's favour; for she had not been informed of the act of theft which had preceded his flight. Now, however, he had cast her off, and all motive for concealment of the truth was at an end. The two rogues had fallen out, and honest men, according the proverb, came by their own.

No sooner had I received the above confession, than I despatched the tip-staff to summon the captain and the sub-rector to give evidence before the court. After asking them some questions about Christian Schein's amour with the housekeeper, I said to the captain—

"Sir, the tribunal has been compelled to intrude into your domestic secrets, because, as I need not tell you, it is instituted to the end of discovering and punishing criminals. It is known to you that arsenic was brought into your house for a certain alleged purpose, and was there used as the means of an intended crime."

"It is but too well known to me."

"You yourself have named your housekeeper to me as a witness; it has become necessary that you should hear testimony before the court."

"Pray spare me the humiliation of hearing the crime of my son deposed to before a public tribunal."

"I am sorry to say it cannot be."

I rang, and directed that Theresa Froberg should be brought in. She appeared pale and dejected. I bid her repeat her deposition of yesterday.

It was done. The two old men stood as if turned into stone, as the story of the prisoner removed the scales from their eyes.

"Now, gentlemen," said I, "be so good as to walk into the waiting-room till these depositions are signed and sealed. I will be with you in a few minutes." They did so and I shortly followed them.

"Now," said I, "I must request you to accompany me a short distance."

I said this with so official a look, and in so civilly peremptory a tone of voice, that they thought I had authority to take them where I pleased, and followed me without a word. Both looked like men suddenly awakened, and not knowing rightly whether they were in the body or out of the body. Need I tell the reader that I led them to Ludwig Sturmgang's?

As we were at the door, and I was going in, the captain grasped my arm and asked—

"Sir, what does this mean?—where are you bringing me?"

"Go with him," said the sub-rector, soothingly. "Let the assessor have his way, he means your good."

With these words, he pressed my hand.

We went in. The shop-boy was behind the counter; the young wife sat in the parlour, rocking the cradle, and sewing. At the sight of the old captain, she sprang up with a cry of terror, and darted out of the room.

"What's the matter?" said Ludwig, coming in; but, as he saw his father and his uncle, his arms fell as if paralyzed at his sides. Father and son stood at the two opposite doors of the room. It was an even chance whether they were to advance towards each other or to draw back.

"Sturmgang," said I to the young man, "it was I that brought your father and your uncle hither; they did not know my purpose, though I dare say they guessed it. The moment is come—the quarrel is at an end—all is explained. Sturmgang, throw yourself into your father's arms."

Sturmgang stood as if his shoes were part of the floor.

"Captain, then, embrace your son."

He stood like his son's counterpart.

"Mr. Sub-rector," appealed I—but he was crying.

"Good folks," said I, do you mean to put me in a passion? Ludwig Sturmgang, will you be friends with your father?"

"I will," answered he, quickly.

"Captain, has your enmity no end?"

"It is past," was his equally quick reply.

"Well, then, when two people that have fallen out mean to be good friends again, why, either one of them must take the first step, or both must step out together. Come—together be it."

"No," said Ludwig Sturmgang, stepping forward, "I am the son—the first step belongs to me. Father, there is my hand, forgive me!"

"Stop!" shouted the old man, "stand back! Mine must be the first step: it is I that have to say 'Forgive!' I alone am guilty of all this misery. My poor, poor Ludwig, I have done thee bitter, ay, bitter and crying wrong. God forgive me!"

"Hurra!" cried I, and with a spring was in the kitchen. "In with you, Madame Sturmgang," said I to the trembling young wife; "you'll find none but friends in the parlour."

The following Sunday my wife and I, in compliance with a formal invitation, sent two days before, dined at Dornfeld. The company was not large; there were only ourselves, the Sturmgangs, and the sub-rector. After dinner, the captain presented us pipes, and bid Margareta bring a light, which she did, sobbing violently, as she had done, to the great peril of the Captain's equanimity, all dinner time.

"I have got no matches," said the old gentleman: "but here is some paper. Good Mr. Assessor, will you tear it neatly into strips: we can light our pipes with it very well."

The *will* was in a very few minutes torn up, and helped to light the "calumet of peace."

"I want a purchaser for Dornfeld," said the Captain to me. "I'm going to live with the children in town. It's so dull out here."

I puffed.

By and by, the sub-rector drew me to a window.

"When is your office open?" asked he.

"Day after to-morrow." Puff, puff.

"I wish to make my will," said he.

"I can guess." Puff, puff, puff.

"What? Who my heir is to be?"

Puff, puff, puff.

He pressed my hand.

"Are you still angry with me?"

"Ye watchful stars," thought I, "and I have called this man Mephistopheles! Wise judges are we of each other!" Puff, puff, puff-f-f-f-f.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.

The Royal Exchange, in general, has been more fortunate in finding historians than that portion of it which we recently described as "Lloyd's Coffee-House;" still, the current descriptions are for the most part imperfect and incorrect, and utterly without the sanction of official authority.

Like everything in the city, the existence of the Royal Exchange is owing to individual enterprise. This is the spirit and essence of commercial prosperity. The merchant is generally the architect of his own fortune; his pursuits necessarily bring him into contact with his fellow men; and thus, while the principle of association obtains with him, and expresses itself in the guild and the corporation, in his own person he maintains a special individuality. To him who would indulge personalities, and portray characteristics, a visit to the city would afford many examples—some strange and odd enough, but all striking, and strongly-marked. In other pursuits of life there is more or less of a professional costume, which sinks the man in the official; but the merchant pleases himself, or acts upon early associations, in his dress and conduct. His success mostly depends, indeed, upon the personal. The great Rothschild is said to have had his "secret," which even his lady sought in vain to penetrate, and which was the basis of his success. Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange, is an illustrious example of the truth of these remarks. Edward VI. consulted him frequently on the best manner of proceeding to rid himself of debt; and Sir Thomas devised a "secret scheme," for this purpose, the evolution of which required two years' trial. It perfectly succeeded. His plan was, to take up in Antwerp two or three hundred pounds sterling in his own name by exchange, out of money to be privately furnished by his majesty—a process of liquidation so gradual as not likely to be perceived, or to occasion any fall in the rate of exchange. As the king's debts did not exceed £108,000, with interest, the time claimed was amply sufficient for the purpose. The result was, "to raise the exchange from sixteen shillings Flemish for the pound sterling to twenty-two shillings; at which rate," says his biographer, "Gresham discharged all the king's debts; and by this means money was rendered plentiful, and trade prosperous, while the credit of the crown became established on a firmer basis abroad than it had ever been before."

It was during his residence at Antwerp that Gresham conceived the idea of a Royal Exchange for London—the former city having already provided itself with such an accommodation in "the Bourse," a building of noble dimensions. It was one part of Gresham's character that he was a thorough Englishman, and had the interest and honour of his country always at heart. He showed this by his advice to Queen Elizabeth when in need of a loan: "Not to use any strangers, but her own subjects, that it might be seen what a prince of power she was." He was indeed anxious, in all cases, that the merchants of London should benefit by the discounts and interest accruing on such transactions; and took care that the counsel he had given should not fail for want of his own

exertions. Having conceived an idea, he had faith in it, and thus accomplished it.

Intelligent, successful, liberal, munificent—such are the attributes which necessarily belong to the merchant-prince—such qualities rendered Sir Thomas Gresham illustrious. Of these, therefore, he must have been an eminent example—a marvel, among useful and honourable men, of honour and utility. If not less ambitious than his compeers, he was, in fact, more generous. This habit of mind, was sometimes even ostentatiously exhibited. When Queen Elizabeth, in 1576, visited him at his residence in Osterly Park, he not only entertained her with extraordinary festivity, but on her objecting that the courtyard was too large, and would look more handsome if divided in the middle, he sent forthwith for workmen from London, who laboured in the night silently; and by the time her majesty rose in the morning, a wall was erected, producing the appearance she had desired.

A mind so constituted was not likely to permit London to want what Antwerp enjoyed, longer than necessity obliged. He yielded to delay with reluctance. Our readers are already aware that, previously to the erection of the Royal Exchange, the merchants of London had been accustomed to assemble in Lombard Street, which took its name from the rich and extortionate Lombard merchants who, anterior to the year 1274, came from the four Italian republics of Genoa, Lucca, Florence, and Venice, and settling in England, wrung from the necessities of Edward I. those exclusive privileges which enabled them to oppress the English trader and insult the English king. Edward III., to put a stop to their career, seized on their estates; but they survived the misfortune to lend money to Henry VI., and to receive, as security for the sum advanced, a mortgage on the English custom duties. They continued in Lombard Street till the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when it was reserved for Sir Thomas Gresham to confound their projects, and oblige them to quit the country. They are still remembered by their armorial bearings—the three golden balls, which pawnbrokers use as the ensign of their shops. The want of a Burse is said to have been felt also by the father and uncles of Gresham; and the desire to form one to have “run in the family blood.” At length, in 1563, Sir Thomas announced his intention to erect one at his own expense. On the 4th of January, 1564, the offer was accepted by the Court of Aldermen, who forthwith engaged themselves to supply a spot of ground for the purpose, and appointed a committee of aldermen and common councilmen to select a site. The Company of Merchant Adventurers were called on to contribute 400 marks towards the expense; and the several city companies advanced different sums by way of loan; care being taken to secure the benefit of the erection to the city in perpetuity. In fact, there is in the corporation books a special entry of a carouse held at the house of Mr. John Ryvers, alderman, in which Sir Thomas, in the presence of witnesses, undertook, in case he should die childless, to bequeath the whole of the profits, in equal moieties, to the city and the Mercers’ Company.

Certain houses formerly standing in Cornhill, and the alleys and lanes branching from it, having been removed, at the cost to the city of £3737, 0s. 6d., Sir Thomas Gresham laid the first stone on the 7th of June, 1565, accompanied by a few aldermen, who, we are told by Stowe, “every one of them laid a piece of gold, which the workmen took up.” By November in the following year, the building was completely covered in, and in a condition to receive the merchants. It was, however, not at first patronised as might have been expected; nor was it until two years after its completion that it received royal countenance. The queen then came into the city, and honoured the founder with her company at dinner. It was upon this occasion that it received the name of the “Royal Exchange.” The architect employed by Gresham was a Fleming named Henryk, who seems to have designed it after the Burse of Venice, from which that of Antwerp was copied. Prints of it, as it then stood, still exist, dated 1569, with an inscription in French, Dutch, and Latin, in honour of the founder, whose crest—the grasshopper—surmounted the tower, and ornamented the corners of the building.

The royal visit was highly beneficial. Sir Thomas Gresham had remitted the rent for the year to the tenants of the shops that formed part of the building—a plan attended with so much success, that he was soon afterwards enabled to raise their rents considerably; for, owing to the show they made on the occasion of the queen’s visit, the nobility commenced a custom of sending thither for the most costly articles, and thus the shopkeepers rapidly became rich. But for all this, in the first instance, the one man was wanting not only to commence the undertaking, but to induce his fellow-men, by rewards and promises, to promote by reasonable means their own interests. Thus it is that all great movements are really made; not by the large bodies who follow, but by the few individuals who lead. The mass of men, it would seem, are without providence, and need some Prometheus to volunteer for them, that they may reap the profit of enterprise without incurring the risk.

The history of the Royal Exchange, from this period to its destruction by the fire of London in 1666, is that of the country. The troubles of the great Rebellion, the character of the Commonwealth, and the nature of the Restoration, had each its type in connexion with this building. A statue of Charles I., which had been placed there, was removed on the 30th May 1648, and substituted with an inscription—*Exil tyrannorum ultimus*; which was in turn removed, and replaced with a new statue, after the return of Charles II. Here also, on May 28, 1661, the acts for establishing the Commonwealth were burned by the hands of the common hangman. The state of the Royal Exchange during the plague is told by Pepys and Lord Clarendon:—“By day, the streets presented a most frightful aspect of desolation and misery; and at night, the dead-carts, moving with slow pace by torchlight, and with the appalling cry, ‘Bring out your dead!’ thrilled horror through every heart that was not, by suffering, hardened to calamity. The stoppage of public business was so complete, that grass grew within the area of the Royal Exchange!”

The statesmen of the famous period in which Gresham lived, and with whom he had intimate intercourse, were as eminent for their learning as for their political genius. The merchant was equally anxious to exhibit his love of letters as to advance the interests of commerce, and this the author of the Exchange showed by founding the college which is called after his name. He also provided that, after his death, the city should, out of their moiety of the property in the Royal Exchange, pay annual salaries of £50 each to professors of divinity, astronomy, geometry, and music, who should deliver lectures at the founder’s late residence. After the conflagration of the Royal Exchange, “Gresham College” was, in the first instance, resorted to for commercial purposes; arrangements were there made for the accommodation of the merchants, until a new Burse could be erected.

The example having been once set, and the convenience of an Exchange having become apparent, the erection of the new Exchange needed not the special stimulus of an individual will, but was an object of desire to the general mind. A commercial city destitute of an Exchange was now thought, to adopt the language of Mr. Malcolm in his *Londinium Redivivum*, “as improper

a residence for merchants as a parish without a church for that of religious people.” The first stone of the new building was laid on the 6th of May 1667. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect: the expense was shared between the Corporation and the Mercers’ Company, and amounted to £80,000. The royal consent was not obtained till afterwards, when Charles II. laid the base of the column on the west side of the north entrance on the 22d of October, on which occasion his majesty was feasted. The Duke of York and Prince Rupert laid the bases of other columns a few days subsequently, and were likewise regaled. The structure was completed on the 28th September 1669, and opened by the lord mayor, Sir William Turner, the king having been prevented from attending.

Owing to the fire of 1838, the Royal Exchange thus erected by Sir Christopher Wren is now only matter of history. The architecture, as most of us recollect, was beautiful—the four orders of the quadrangle being indeed magnificent, and richly decorated with the basements, arches of the walks, the cornices over them, the niches, statues, pillars, circular windows, entablature, pediments, and balustrade, all in correct proportion and arrangement. Its principal front was towards Cornhill; and on each side there were Corinthian demi-columns, supporting a compass pediment; within each of which were niches, containing statues of Charles I. and II. in Roman habits, by Bushnell. Within the quadrangle there were twenty-four niches in the intercolumns, with statues of English Kings and queens—most of the kings before Charles II. being sculptured by Cibber. The centre of the area had for some time a statue of Charles II. by Grinlin Gibbons, which was subsequently displaced for one by Spileer, habited in the Roman style. In an obscure position under the piazza the statue of Gresham, too, had its niche; and high to it, that of one whose modesty would have been better content had his merit received no such acknowledgment—Sir John Bernard; to whom, in his lifetime, the memorial was erected as a mark of civic respect, but who could never bring himself to visit the walks afterwards.

We regret that the history of Gresham College is less satisfactory than that of the Royal Exchange. The civil wars and the fire of London having pressed hard on their funds, the city of London endeavoured to get rid of the cost of the lectures, which, though at first considered of great importance, gradually declined in interest. In 1768, an act of parliament was even obtained “to make over the ground whereon Gresham College stood to the crown;” and a proposition was made by the city and the Mercers’ Company to pull the college itself down, and build an excise office on the site; which was done. From the moment, indeed, that the founder conceived the generous idea of converting his own house into a college, there was a jealousy expressed. Sir Thomas Gresham, it would appear from an address to him from the vice-chancellor and senate of the university of Cambridge, had made some promise of contributing towards building a new, or repairing an existing college. This design he seems to have subsequently enlarged. The enlarged design was approved of, but the site was objected to. The university authorities endeavoured to dissuade him from selecting London, lest it might prove prejudicial to Oxford and Cambridge. He himself had been educated at Cambridge, and this was urged as a reason why Cambridge should have a preference. We have seen that he persisted in his good intention of giving the city of London a college. We regret that the boon has been so ill received; and that, up to the present moment, it has been altogether abused, the lecture-ships being little better than sinecures.

We now come to the consideration of the subject in relation to the times in which we live. On the night of the 10th January 1838, the structure of Sir Christopher Wren was burned to the ground. On the particulars of this calamity we need not dwell; they are doubtless fresh in our readers’ recollection. The merchants of London for a time made the Guildhall their place of meeting, and afterwards the area of the Excise Office—the site of Gresham House and Gresham College; thus, as far as circumstances allowed, re-creating the scene of former times. In preparing to re-erect the Royal Exchange, many interests had now to be considered—those of the underwriters at Lloyd’s, the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, and the shopkeepers who had occupied the ground-floor. An act of parliament was also necessary, which received the royal assent on the 10th August 1838, and empowered the Gresham Committee to purchase and remove all the buildings to the eastward, extending nearly to Finch Lane, and to raise £150,000 upon the credit of the London Bridge Fund. Premiums were at length advertised for the three best designs. More than fifty competitors appeared. Three architects—Sir Robert Smirke, Mr. Gwilt, and Mr. Hardwick—were chosen to report on their productions; and these gentlemen considered that the designs numbered 36, 43, and 37, best answered the conditions prescribed; but declined to recommend them for adoption. To the artists—Mr. William Grellicz, Mr. Sydney Smith, and Messrs Chateaufort and Mee—the premiums were nevertheless paid. Ultimately, a limited competition between five architects—Sir Robert Smirke, Mr. Gwilt, Mr. Tite, Mr. Barry, and Mr. Cockerell—was proposed, but only Mr. Tite and Mr. Cockerell entered the arena. The preference was at length given to Mr. Tite; and on Monday the 17th January 1842, the foundation stone was laid by Prince Albert, with much state and ceremony, full descriptions of which appeared in the newspapers of the day. Within three years from that date the new Royal Exchange was completed—a very brief space of time for such a work, especially considering that it consists entirely of stone.

The structure does credit to the artist, and to a great extent realises the character of grandeur, simplicity, and usefulness which he desired to give to it. The west front is of course the principal feature. Here a portico is placed, superior in dimensions to any in England, and almost equal to any in the world. It consists of eight Corinthian columns, with two intercolumniations in actual projection, and the centre part also deeply recessed. The width is ninety feet, and the height from the ground to the apex of the pediment is seventy-four feet six inches. From the level of the street it is ascended by thirteen granite steps. Here, on the right and left of the entrance, are the offices of the Royal Exchange Assurance for Assuring Shipping, Fire, and Lives. Next in dignity is the east front. In the projection of his plan, the artist had to conquer a difficulty relative to the situation of the tower, arising from the shape of the ground, because, to quote his own words, “Any tower placed to agree with the lines of the south front must disagree with the lines of the east and west fronts, which are in different planes; and such an object, when seen from a distance, or from the area of the Exchange, would produce an effect that would be discordant and unarchitectural; because it would bring into distinct notice a fact which it should be the business of the architect to conceal. For a long time,” he continues, “I contended with this difficulty, because I was anxious to place the tower in the south front; but it was impossible to get over the irregularity. It would indeed have been easy to have concealed this defect in the drawings, or have kept it out of notice; but the result, when built, would only have ended, in my judgment, in disappointment and failure. For these reasons, and with these views, I have composed my design as now exhibited. I have placed a portico at the west end,

and the tower at the east.' The first story of the tower, at the east front, is square, with ornamental pilasters; at the angles there is a niche, with a statue of Sir Thomas Gresham by Behnes. The figure is erect, fourteen feet six inches in height, and chiselled out of two blocks of Portland stone. Above is an attic for the clock faces. The next story is circular, decorated with Corinthian columns, and crowned with a level dome, surmounted by the vane—the famous grasshopper of the old Exchange, which, fortunately, the fire had not much damaged.

Under the tower, at the eastern entrance, there is a small area for giving light and air to the thinner mass of that part of the building. At the north end of this area, as we have already said, is the entrance to Lloyd's. At the centre of the building, on the north and south, there are also entrances to the Merchants' Area. Both these fronts exhibit unbroken lines of entablature, with a repetition of rusticated arches for the shops, offices, and entrances. The architect made a point of this peculiar style. He had in his mind 'the universally-acknowledged good effect of the Bourse at Paris,' in which 'the lines are simple and unbroken, and the large arched windows surrounding the walls behind the columns have all the character of shops or offices.' 'We are deficient,' he adds, 'in England, of specimens of architecture of that unbroken kind. Were I to adduce instances I should quote the National Gallery as affording an illustration of the bad effect of broken and detached masses, and the Reform Club of the excellent effect of continuous and unbroken ones.' The three middle spaces on the south side are deeply recessed, surmounted with richly decorated windows; above the cornice are a balustrade and attic; on the north side the centre projects; and at the end spaces the pilasters are omitted; for two of the windows, niches are substituted—one of them to contain a statue of Sir Hugh Myddelton, by Joseph; and the other a statue of Sir Richard Whittington, by Carew.

Such is the architectural character of the building: among its accidental adjuncts are a peal, in the tower, of fifteen bells for three chimes, cast by Mears, and a clock constructed by Mr. Dent, under the direction of Professor Airey, the astronomer-royal, the first stroke of each hour being true to a second of time.

Provision has been made in the new building against fire. The ground-floor as in the old, is still appropriated mainly to shops and offices; but each is complete in itself, separated by party-walls and brick arches, as well from the apartments above as the tenements beside them: so that any accidental fire must be local.

We must not, however, conclude this paper without reference to the sculpture with which the new Royal Exchange has been adorned. That by Mr. Richard Westmacott, in the tympanum of the pediment at the west front, deserves earliest and highest mention, both from its position and its merit. Allegorical in subject, it nevertheless avoids the objections to which such compositions are generally liable. It consists of seventeen figures, carved in compact limestone, and, with two exceptions, modelled as entire and detached figures. The centre figure, which is ten feet high, represents Commerce—with her mural crown, her cornucopia, bee-hive, and other accessories. Her left hand holds the charter of the Exchange, her right rests on part of a ship—two dolphins and a shell forming her pedestal. The groups on either side consist, on the right, of three British merchants in their civic robes—as lord mayor, alderman, and common councilman; two Asiatics, a Hindoo, and a Mohammedan, in appropriate costume; a Greek bearing a jar; an Armenian scholar, and a Turkish merchant; and, on the left, of two British merchants examining some woven fabric shown to them by a Persian; a Chinese; a sailor of the Levant; a negro; a British sailor cording a bale of cotton; and a supercargo, or factory agent. The opposite angles are filled with anchors, jars, packages, and other nautical and commercial emblems.

The internal area of the Royal Exchange is uncovered, presenting an open court, somewhat resembling the cortili of the Italian palaces; consisting, on the ground-floor, of Doric columns and rusticated arches, over which is a series of Ionic columns, with arches and windows under a pierced parapet. The upper story also has arches: these are decorated with the arms of various nations, according to the order determined at the congress of Vienna—the arms of England occupying the centre of the eastern side. There is also a sheltered walk for merchants, with the ceiling and sides panelled, painted, and emblazoned with the arms of countries and monarchs; namely, Edward the Confessor, Edward III., Elizabeth, and Charles II. The south-east angle also boasts a statue of Queen Elizabeth, and the south-west a statue of Charles II.

It only remains now to speak of the statues of Queen Victoria inside the building, and of the Duke of Wellington without. The latter is a bronze equestrian figure, by Chantrey, and was composed of the metal of the guns taken from the enemy, contributed by the government, and valued at L. 1500. The cost of the statue itself was L. 3000. It was completed on the anniversary of Waterloo, the 18th June 1844, when the inauguration took place, at which the king of Saxony attended. On the 28th October following, the new Royal Exchange itself was opened by the Queen in person with great state and ceremony. It was not until the 27th of October in the next year that her Majesty's own statue was placed on its pedestal in the centre of the area. Of this work a friend thus writes:—'There is here no anachronism—no pedantry. It is the statue of Queen Victoria—her image as she lived—in the robes she wore, rendered poetic by the inspiration, and picturesque by the genius, of art; free from theatrical exaggeration; equally balanced, chaste, and pure, as well as noble. Such a portrait statue, produced for a Leo X., or a De Medici, or presented to the population of a mediæval city in Italy, would have given a triumph to the artist. Mr. Lough deserved an ovation at the hands of the citizens. What will be thought in time to come of the age in which we live, when royal patronage, state commissioners, and the public money not only conspire to call out a quasi-power of art from the depths of oblivion, but also conspire, meanwhile, to neglect a genius capable of giving honour and illustration to any age or nation?'

These remarks are somewhat enthusiastically expressed; but the inconsistency to which they point certainly provokes animadversion. The mercantile element clearly too much predominates, and the artistic is reduced to a mere accessory. The same remarks apply to literature, and the mode in which the Gresham lectureships are now managed. No amount of censure can be too heavy in condemnation of the present glaring neglect and misconduct. The site of the institution has been changed. The new Gresham College stands at the corner of Basinghall Street and Cateaton Street. It is of the enriched Roman style of architecture. There are a library, a lecture theatre, and a professor's room; but the end for which these means have been prepared has yet to be secured. What would Sir Thomas Gresham himself have said to this? For the honour of the founder, and from respect to his memory, we call upon the authorities of the college to lose no time in making all needful and possible reforms. We know intimately well that there are many men of literary tastes among the merchants of London. Let them be consulted, and immediate mea-

sures taken for the prosperity of an institution not less glorious in its object than the Exchange itself. Literature and commerce are twin powers, and should never be divorced in operation: united, the progress of society proceeds safely, blending use with beauty! separated, wealth may be accumulated; but without intelligence to direct its aims, it is a mockery and a snare—a burden and a yoke. And such will be the reflections of every one capable of at all entering into the spirit of Sir Thomas Gresham.

AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

From "Livonian Tales."

In the midst of a severe winter of famine, and still more distressing vexations from the oppressor, Mart was one evening coming home through the wood in his sledge, when he was beset by wolves. The track, deep between accumulations of high snow, gave only just sufficient width for the little horse and sledge. Mart's eyes were closed, and his senses heavy with weariness; nevertheless he soon began to be aware that the animal was quickening its pace unwontedly: again it jerked forward—quicker still—and a low neighing sound of terror effectually roused the drowsy man. He looked in front: all was as usual—a wild scanty forest, standing knee-deep in a bed of snow—the narrow trough of a track winding through it—here and there pyramids of snow, which showed the huge ant-hills of the country—the heavens bright—the earth white—not a living object but the horse before him. He looked behind: the scene was just the same—white snow and leafless trees, and a winding track; but close to the sledge were three dark gaunt animals, heavily galloping, and another was fast gaining behind. The jaws of the foremost, with the lowness of the sledge, were within reach of Mart's shoulder. He cared not for that; he knew that it was his horse they wanted first; and saw in an instant that all depended on the animal's courage more than on his own. If the frightened creature could have the nerve to keep steady in the track, the chances were much in his favour; for the moment the wolves turned off, in order to pass and get ahead of it, the depth of the snow diminished their speed; but should the horse, in its terror, plunge aside and flounder in the snow, Mart knew that it would be lost. He leaned forward, called the animal cheerfully by its name, and laid his hand on its back as he was wont to do in times of fatigue or difficulty; the poor beast knew the kind voice and hand, raised its ears, which were laid flat back with terror, and fell into an even pace.

"Mart shouted violently; but the wolves were either too keen or too many—it made no impression. It was an awful time both for master and horse. Mart kept his hand on the animal, while his eye watched the ferocious brutes, which were often within arm's length. He had a hatchet, which he always carried on these occasions, to chop the frozen fish; he felt for it, and grasped it in his hand, but forbore to use it; for the closer the wolves kept at the back of the sledge, the less were they seen by the horse. Every minute, however, one or more of them broke out of the track in the attempt to pass; and although they instantly lost footing in the snow, yet the unblinkered eyes of the little animal had caught sight of the dreaded foe, and a plunge forward made Mart turn his eyes with anxiety to see that it kept straight in the narrow track.

"One of the wolves was more than usually huge and long-limbed, and more than once it had contrived, in spite of the deep snow, to advance nearer abreast of the sledge than any of its companions. Upon this grim creature Mart more especially kept watch, and caught the green light which played from its eyeballs. It turned off again—the snow lay flatter for a space—the wolf kept its footing—it gained, for their pace is enormous—the little horse's eye glared round at it. Mart withdrew his hand, wet with the animal's perspiration; the wolf was just beyond arm's reach, but he kept his hatchet in readiness. The horse was now in desperate gallop, and the wolf just abreast—it suddenly turned sharp towards it—now was Mart's time. He dealt a tremendous blow. The wolf avoided it, but stumbled in the snow, and in a moment was yards behind.

"The distance from home was now quickly shortening beneath the horse's hoofs, which continued to carry the sledge at full gallop, till the fear of an overturn became a source of fresh anxiety. Mart was quite aware by this time that these were no common lazy wolves he had to deal with, but sharp-set determined brutes, to which man or beast would be alike welcome. These were not the animals to be deterred by the signs of man's dwelling, as is usually the case, and there was an ugly worst of wide open space between the outskirts of the forest and his house, which he looked to with real apprehension.

"They were now at the very edge of the wood—the road became open—the wolves gained on each side—the horse bounded furiously forward; caught the sledge against the stump of a tree—it overturned—was swept away at a tremendous pace, and Mart was left alone in the snow. In a moment a heavy claw had slit the throat, and down the front of his sheepskin it was well Anno's wrappers lay so thick beneath. He threw off the brute, and rose. His hatchet had been jerked out of his hand in the fall: he cast a desperate glance around, but saw it not. The horse was now almost out of sight; two of the wolves were close to the defenceless man; and the two others, deserting the animal, were bounding back to him. Mart faced the foremost; he could do no more; and in an instant was surrounded.

The arrival of the horse roused the women, and the moment the door was opened Karria Pois rushed forth, led by his kindly instinct. Anno flew wildly after him. To resume the narrative: Mart knew what it was to put forth his strength in games and wrestling-matches, and it was such as, shoulder to shoulder, and muscle to muscle, few could withstand. But it was nothing now against the heavy weight, the vice-like teeth, the rending grasp that held him down on every side. For a few seconds the desperate violence of a man to whom life is sweet, and such a death most horrible, shook off the pitiless assailants; but his own blood had dyed the snow, and the sight of it seemed to turn ferocity into fury. The bloodhounds closed again upon him—they pulled him down!

"People say there is no time to think in sudden dangers: they have never known one. There are more thoughts struck from the mind in one moment's collision with sudden and desperate peril than in days of tearless security. The sweets of this earth—the home that lay so near—the mystery of Heaven, swept over poor Mart's mind; nay, even particulars found time to intrude. He thought how Anno and Liso would watch through the night—how his mangled remains would tell all in the morning—Anno's despair—the village lament. He thought of all this, and more, and knew himself in the jaws of hungry wolves! Then those foul lurid eyes glared over him; the tightening of the throat followed, and thinking was over. Still he struggled to release his arms—the grasp on his throat was suffocating him—his senses reeled—when, on a sudden, dash came another animal hard-breathing along; threw itself into the midst with one sharp howl, and fastened upon the chief assailant. The wolves relaxed their fury for an instant; Mart reeled giddily to his feet, and recognised his brave dog. For a second he stood stunned and bewildered; when he saw one wolf retreat,

ing, and all three attacking the dauntless Karria Pois. He turned to help him, and a bright object caught his eye; it was his hatchet lying on the snow within arms length of his last struggle. Mart snatched it up, and was now himself again. Blood was dripping from him, but his limbs were uninjured, and furious were the strokes he dealt.

"One wolf soon lay at his feet; the other cowed and retreated, spilling its blood as it went, and held off, skulking round; and now Mart poured his whole fury on the great monster which held Karria Pois in as stifling a grasp as he had done his master. It was no easy task to release the dog. The hatchet rung on the wolf's skull, rattled on his ribs, and laid bare the gaunt backbone; but the dog's own body interrupted any mortal wound, and the wolf seemed to feel no other. Poor Karria Pois's case was desperate; his legs were all drawn together, protecting the very parts he sought to wound, when suddenly he stretched himself out with some fresh agony, and the hatchet was buried deep in the wolf's throat. Many more fierce strokes were needed before life was extinct; and as Mart rose, a hand on his shoulder startled him, and his wife fell on his bosom.

"Mart!"

"Anno!"

"Long did the young couple stand in speechless embrace; but the weaker supported the stronger; for Mart's manly nerve was gone, and he leant on Anno like a strengthless child.

ANALYSIS OF A PIECE OF MUSIC.

Novelists and essayists have so frequently found the manner of the performance of what is called a 'piece of music' a fruitful theme for ridicule—beholding something so excessively ludicrous in the diffidence, whether affected or real, of the performer, and in the paidolatri of some music-loving father or mother, as the musical young lady of the family is seated at the piano—that the subject is worn to a thread by the constant rough handling it has experienced. Let ours be the attempt to elicit a little amusement from the 'piece' itself, out of which it may be drawn perhaps quite as abundantly, and in a far more kindly manner, than if we were to satirise the timidity, or denounce the defects, of that large class of ill-used people, the piece performers.

'Pieces'—apt name! there is no such thing as an 'entire' in the technology of music—may be classed under the heads reprehensible and laudable. The first we consider, as including all variations or concerted pieces upon airs of intrinsic value—more's the pity; and the second, all other original music, such as overtures, oratorios, &c. Well, then, we may premise that all these reprehensibles have what is called an introduction, as if to beg your favour for what is to come. The introduction commences with a couple of bang-bangs—saving your ears—designed to call attention; and as they not unfrequently fail of this effect, not uncommonly they are made to extend along the first line, by which time, in common politeness, you must have been silenced. This extraordinary beginning is made to wear a particularly awful aspect, if the air is grave or sad, and is suffered to bear a more lively character if the same is more or less vivacious. These primary concussions are succeeded by a combination of the most astounding successions of notes or 'runs' the ear can conceive—of which the main object would appear to be to make sure that all the notes of the piano are ready for circulation. One or two such eruptions follow; and then comes a pause; during which the exhausted player and the unfortunate playee are supposed to take wind, anticipatory of the charge which is to come. The introduction then proceeds to cut to pieces the air, which is to undergo future anatomisation throughout the twelve pages of the piece; and taking one little bit and putting it here, and another and fixing it there, it is judiciously contrived to convey an impression of the most profound obscurity, and uncertainty as to what is to be the nature, or what could possibly be the name, of that air. Thus we analyse the first five double lines of the first page. The sixth and last most commonly combines an extraordinary evolution—of which, to an unmusical reader, the best idea may be gathered by comparing it to a very active run up stairs, followed by an equally rapid run down, with two more concussions, and three or four notes, which leave an impression of vacancy on the ear, analogous to that which would be produced if, in the recitation of some lines of poetry, three or four words of the concluding line should be repeated, and the last few words necessary to complete rhythm and rhyme left out. As might perhaps be anticipated, the object of this curious conclusion to the introduction is to work up the curiosity of the hearer to that pitch of excitement which will make him most delighted to welcome the air as something which, after so much of the execrable, shall at last be tolerable.

Then comes the air, so soon to be cruelly victimised. It is the conception of some master-mind; and its sweet notes, its simple chords, and its unaffected grace, one would suppose would touch the hard heart even of a variation composer. No; never did sacrificial knife plunge more ruthlessly into the heart of an innocent garland-crowned victim, than does the scalpel of the composer dive into this unfortunate air. Why are not bad airs selected to be mangled and deformed—a proceeding which would be perfectly justifiable and laudable! The answer is, it is a grain of gold alone which can overspread a wire of baser metal, and give it its lustre for hundreds of yards in length.

Then we come to 'the variations'; so called, perhaps, because they differ as much as possible from the original air. The peculiarity about this, which forms the principal portion of the piece, consists in the ruthless manner in which all the most beautiful parts of the air are sliced up. Thus, if the piece consists of a series of variations upon the air of 'Auld Lang Syne,' the first line, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,' will be dealt with in this manner:—'Should,' and its corresponding note in the air, will be placed first at the beginning, then at the middle, and then at the end of a series of such runs up and down stairs as were before mentioned; and after having been shuttlecocked through many a bar, will be cast aside, to give place to a novel succession of the same, or similar manœuvres, to be played off upon 'auld—acquaintance—be—forgot.' The chances are twenty to one if the last variation will not prove a relentless massacre of the air entire, ingeniously effected by some alteration of its measure, or by a reset of the same notes with the interposition of a few very original ones into a set of quadrilles, or a waltz, or a polka, or some such other intricate composition. But the piece of music has its end, long and tedious as it may be. The finale comes at length to close the scene, and commences by the performance of the air in its unutilised proportions, which must be looked upon merely as a placebo for that which is to come. Then succeed fresh scamperings up and down—we mean along the key-board; and then our by-this-time very 'auld acquaintance' is caught up again, and becomes symbolised by a profusion of shakes, unquestionably illustrative of the perfect heartiness of the welcome of such an 'auld-lang-syne' friend; while 'never brought to mind' is given with dreadful pathos, as if, at the very supposition of such an event, the entire body of the instrument were falling into convulsions. And thus

to the melancholy end of the song; until its metamorphosis is so complete that, to the best of our conceptions, were its venerable old composer to awaken from the tomb, and behold his unhappy offspring in its new clothes, there could scarcely be a possibility of his recognising it.

To us by far the most amusing, as well as the most welcome portion of the piece, is that which forms its absolute conclusion. The great fun here seems to be just this—that you are to be continually deceived as to the downright end of all. Long before ever the last page is executed, one would be ready to swear that the whole was done; yet just as your mind is made up about it, there comes a surprising explosion, which undoes all that had been done before. Then you are carried over the same ground again. Surely here we are at last at the terminus! Vain is the hope! You turn away in despair, out of which nothing can arouse you but the thunder of the actual end, which seems as if the piano had been stuffed with gunpowder, and set light to—an explosion which is followed by the final prolonged growl of the weary bass, as it goes back to a state of rest.

To be serious. What, in the abstract, can be more absurd than such a composition as that we have been analysing—successful only in this, that it mutilates the beauty, and destroys the stern, solemn, and venerable aspect of our national airs! What can be greater than the folly of cutting to pieces such airs as 'Auld Robin Gray,' 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' 'Rule Britannia,' 'God save the Queen,' 'Of a noble race was Shenkyn'—preserving only enough of their peculiarities to render them occasionally recognisable, if so much, and converting alike the most grave, mournful, and touching airs with those whose associations and antiquity entitle them to our regard and respect, into such harlequinades as quadrilles and waltzes! It is as if a modern upholsterer were to trick out with the gay decorations of our time the sober and majestic grandeur of some gray old castle.

Such is a species of caricature upon the original airs, which, if it applied equally to the words, no person would fail to condemn. And who will tell me that the words, either for their beauty or appropriateness, are entitled to more respect than the music which conveys and animates them?

There is a rage in the present time for hunting up the very noblest of our airs, and transmuting them, with the addition of a large quantity of alloy, into quadrilles and polkas; and thousands of giddy feet dance to parodies of that music which, at another epoch, fired the courage of our ancestors, and kindled their valour on the field of battle.

I could almost wish that the pibroch and harp had been silent, rather than that their outpourings, at the most solemn and pathetic seasons, should be mimicked in the polka, the waltz, or the quadrille.

Of the national music of our sister country we say nothing, but that the airs seem principally made to be danced to, and that fightings and burynings appear to be regarded in such a funny light, as to divest us of much of our pity when we behold them cleverly dissected under the experienced hands of some of our modern composers.

As all reformations are works of time, we lay down our pen without any over-sanguine expectation of, in our day, witnessing such a revolution entirely accomplished as that the class of compositions we have shortly criticised shall be no longer in existence. Posterity will look back upon them as amongst the follies and infirmities of our period, and perhaps some bimillennarian reader, in looking over a few of our back numbers, will appreciate our effort and say, and perhaps write to the editor and tell him, that here was another essay fifty years before its time.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

I turned my eyes round the chamber, wondering what would be the next to speak; I watched intently from gauntlet to broadsword, from Indian bow to the cumbrous matchlock, and as a gleam of moonshine, flickering through the woodbine of the casement, sparkled for a moment on a steel casket, I fancied almost that it moved, and I should see it unlock itself, and hear the many secrets of which it had been the depository, but another look convinced me that it was motionless, and I was disappointed, for I well knew its antiquity, and longed to hear of its experiences.

As I continued my scrutiny, I was startled by observing the eyes of the portrait opposite me move, the breast heave, and a slight murmur escape from the lips; and such lips!

It was a beautiful portrait of the last century, of a lovely young girl, whose peculiarly feminine beauty, and dove like expression of eyes, I had often gazed upon with pleasure, and yearned to know the lights and shadows of so fair a creature's life.

When first its soft murmuring voice broke upon my ear, my heart beat rapidly, and I seemed like a person just struggling out of a slumber. For a moment it appeared indistinct, but gradually became clear and palpable. It spake as follows:

Good friends! since we are doomed to be packed together in our possessor's curiosity shop—I think it but polite to call it so—I have listened to your beguiling adventures with pleasure, for they tend in some measure to drive away the ennui, to which, as *passé* things we are condemned. Inspired therefore by your example, I will try to recall to my memory some few passages of my life that is, in the life of the creature I represent. That she was beautiful, I believe it is unnecessary for me to say. Look at me! I represent her faithfully! Her beauty was only skin-deep like mine, but not so lasting. Age has made me more valuable, whilst it destroyed her power.

When I was created by the painter's master hand, I was pronounced a living likeness! It was true; for I grew into life under the limner's magic skill, and beheld my beautiful original before me, and felt the tremulous touch of the young painter as he looked abashed into her deep blue eyes, for the bright light that he dared to hope to transfer to me! that look made the eloquent blood rush even to his noble forehead, whilst the fair sitter's fringed lash sank over her dangerous orbs with soft timidity, but even then there was a scornful curl of triumph on her lips, that belied the language of her eyes.

At the conclusion of her sitting she arose, and swept with grace unparalleled from the room; the painter's gaze followed her, and a deep sigh escaped from his very heart; he turned to me, and afterwards flung himself into the chair she had quitted, and gazed with a painful intentness upon me; he was young and nobly handsome, so he naturally had his day dream, and the world, and worldliness, were alike forgotten in the thoughts that rushed through his impetuous mind. One moment a dark frown shadowed his brow, which some sunny thought instantly dispelled; anon it returned, and was again chased away by a bright triumphant smile. What were his thoughts? I could well guess! he sat thus entranced until the twilight shut him from my sight, and I saw no more, but I heard his plaintive sighs.

Maria Leslie, the being I represent, was an only child, born to inherit great beauty and large possessions; she was kindly loved by her parents, who could not behold in her the slightest fault; she was admired by all who came within the magic circle of her charms, for the brightness of her beauty so dazzled the hearts of her beholders, that they could scarcely think it possible that aught of evil could be so enshrined.

Vanity was her besetting sin. As a child her little coquetties and vanities were only smiled at by all, as being exceedingly droll; the continual praises of menials, and the fond indulgence of her parents, who laughed at her little womanish ways, when but yet a girl, had drawn her from the society of children like herself, and made her ape the manners of grown up people; she was a little actress!

She was about eighteen when I was made the almost living likeness of her, by the young and enthusiastic painter, who had much better have bestowed his love upon me, for I was all his own, and would always have remained the same; I was indeed superior to my original, for beneath my beauty, a cold heart was not hidden; all her love was engrossed by herself, and consequently she had none to bestow on others; day after day did the young painter stand by her easel, and endeavour to infuse some of his soul into hers, and rouse her to excel in the most glorious of arts, but in vain; her vanity prompted her only to seek accomplishments of an easier cast, that should dazzle and enchant others; she found that to conquer in the painter's mystery and cunning, was not so easy; it must be a true love that can ever woo any of the sister arts, with hopes of success. With divided thoughts you must never kneel at their shrines.

Fatal indeed was the indulgence of his mad passion for this divinity; although of a good family he had no broad lands to lay at the feet of the proud and haughty beauty; yet without hope to wear the prize, he still dared to love. It is astonishing how little flame will keep up love; a smile, or an accidental pressure of the hand will last for weeks; full well did the young heartless coquette know and see the net which she had thrown around her victim, nor appeared she conscious of the cause of the pale cheek and trembling voice of the young painter, who lived but in the poisonous fascinations of her presence.

Pallid grew his cheek, and more brilliant the lustre of his eyes, as month after month rolled on, and found him still by his pupil's side; his steps became languid, his smile dejected, and art seemed no longer the object of his enthusiasm.

One early morn he stood in the gallery, and with careful hand made a copy of me, but this was done stealthily, and in secret. Foolish boy! he bore it to his humble roof, with bright visions of future glory, to embitter his hours with vain and feverish thoughts over the counterpart of his destroyer.

Unavailingly did he struggle with his better feelings, but the strong passion of youth is not easily mastered; yet often did he resolve to break his dishonourable thralldom, but when she bestowed on him a bewitching smile, how soon his resolution was broken, and how soon he became again her willing slave.

Love is a sad flatterer, and whispers strange impossibilities to his votaries. With these he beguiled and deluded the young painter, bade him hope, taught him to interpret her downcast eyes, and read her very smiles until he believed there was a reciprocity of feeling between them. Vain, yet how happy felt he, to think thus!

One evening when twilight gradually put an end to their labours, during which her almost tenderness towards him had made the hours fly like minutes, they sat near each other watching the calm blush of the evening sky giving place to the silvery hue of the rising moon. A dangerous moment for those who love! thoughts at such moments are raised far, far above the sordid things of the earth, and the world's weight seems lifted from the heart to give full play to its purest feelings.

If she but loved him, thought he, how he would strive to become great, to be worthy of her! What would toil be! nothing! for him, time would have no terrors, if she were the prize at the end! With thoughts like to these rushing through his brain in answer to the quick throbbings of his heart, he fell at her feet, and burst forth in all the eloquence of his nature, upbraiding himself, yet claiming her pity, promising to fly from her, until he was more worthy, praying for hope to cheer his path as an incentive to his ambition and exertions. His glowing words came from his lips with poetic grace, but met no kindred response; she now beheld all that her heartless coquetry had effected, and rising indignantly from her seat, with cheek cold and colourless, and with eyes of scorn, and drawing the rich folds of her dress closely round her beautiful form, as though she feared the contamination of his touch, she bade him, in a tone that threw back the impetuous blood to his heart, to rise, and never more dare to enter into her presence, or insult her by his plebeian rhapsodies.

What art thou, said she, but a hired menial! had it not been for the absence of my parent, thou wouldst have been flogged from the house by the horse boys, for thus forgetting thyself and station.

Stunned by the change in the beautiful creature, who, a moment since was all angel, but who now appeared, as the moonlight played upon her convulsed features, almost a demon, he arose from his prostrate position as if in a dream, and without one word, but with fixed eyes, and mournful mien, saw her slowly depart from the chamber.

A year passed on, and the painter was only remembered in the family of his quondam patron as a bold and enterprising young man, who had sought by dishonourable means his own aggrandisement by an alliance with his daughter, and they felt proud that the adventurer had failed in his purpose, and had not, notwithstanding his talents and fascinations, for one moment disturbed the pure mind of their child.

She soon had many suitors for her hand, for her lands were fruitful, and her dowry large, and all that the family possessed would eventually fall to her sole disposal. They came, and were refused, and thus were her triumphs swelled. They strove to touch her heart, when they should have aimed only at her pride.

At last a suitor came, of a proud and haughty race, with armorial bearings, and a title. He had long since parted with all his feelings, as unfashionable commodities; but brought in their stead his family-deeds and rent-roll, which were, he believed, the sure passport to a lady's heart. The perfect nonchalance of the titled suitor put *hors de combat* all the little coquetties of the lady. He looked upon her as a fine creature, but hated the trouble of courtship, left the old people to make love to her for him, and requested a definite answer to his proposal as early as possible, as he did not wish to miss his season-trip to Italy.

Having sickened himself of the pleasures of the world, and found himself "used up," he paused in his senseless career, and looked out for an estate, with a presentable wife tacked to it, so that his constitution and property might both at the same time be repaired. He had come, therefore, to see the fair Maria, liked her manners and her unincumbered estate, and determined to take the desperate leap of marriage. He was a man of the world; and therefore it was impossible for him to make himself disagreeable, for nothing is easier than insincerity; and etiquette, strained to the nicest point, forbade anything like an

approach to familiarity, which is a very old-fashioned, troublesome thing at best, and often endangers the continuation of the best acquaintance.

Seen only through the medium of his gentlemanly, address and stylish manners, aided, too, by his magnificent establishment and a coronet, it was no wonder that he found himself successful. The proud girl consented to be his wife. They were married; and she became a countess!

The last of the glittering pomp of marriage wound its way through the embowering trees, and vanished in the evening sunlight. The parents felt for the first time that their labour of love was ended and that their child was their child no more—for another now claimed her who would stand before them in her love, and her thoughts—the little world of enchantment which was created round the child of their affections faded like a rainbow when the worshipped idol of the shrine departed from it, and left them desolate. The tears of parting still glistened in their eyes as they stood before me, to gaze once more upon the face of one they loved too well. When they beheld her again, she was not like to me!

Italy! land of sunshine and blue skies! land of elegant vices, and romantic rascalities; beautiful even in your feebleness, how full of butterflies art thou! How they flutter in thy eternal sunshine! How full art thou of the noblest works of art! Behold the creations of thy chisel and thy pencil! See the lazzaroni crowding in their dirt, and defacing the marble steps of thy palaces! How full of sharp, bright eyes, and sharper and brighter poniards! How quick to love, and how quick to hate are thy fierce-blooded children!

In few weeks after their marriage the fair Countess and her chosen husband found themselves in Italy, where he was as well known as the Pope himself, and where he was welcomed with enthusiasm by the crowd, who knew his vices and his boundless extravagance, which, now he came so well-frequented, promised them another harvest. His charming wife soon became the admiration and the toast of the gay circles that had nothing else to do. She was charmed with the flatterers whom she captivated, and who whispered warm flattery into her ears; but sometimes they became so bold in their advances, that her unfashionable feelings prompted her to shrink back from their too ardent address, fearing that her husband's haughty spirit might feel offence; but he, whenever he heard of them, seemed to count them as nothing more than *bon bons* thrown in a Carnival, sweet, but harmless. He was guilty of the same offence himself to other women; so he let it pass unnoticed, and the ardent puppies remained unreprieved, and sought with greater avidity to gain the favor of the beautiful English Countess.

The fashionable neglect of her husband soon, however, began to show itself, and gave her votaries plenty of opportunities to pour forth their enamoured strains. He became entangled in the depraved clique to which he had been a victim before his marriage; and was often brought home by his servants (through wine and excitement) in a state of unconsciousness. This could not long be kept from his wife, who, although she had no love for him, felt most severely his pointed desertion, which made her the talk of her aristocratic friends. Her pride was hurt at the idea of being chained for life to a *roue* and a drunkard!

Frequent scenes of recrimination destroyed even the appearance of consideration for each other; and hate being too violent an exertion where there never had been any love, each soon began to have the utmost contempt for the other. The world—that is, their world—soon discovered that their victims were ready-made to their hands, and that no exertion on their part was required to create differences between them.

Her suitors became bolder as they saw her natural protector leave her unguarded; and left to her own resources, many snake-like whisperings prompted her to revenge herself for the open infidelities of her abandoned husband. But she had too lately left the home of her childhood; and the halo of her mother's virtues still hovered faintly around her, and preserved her from her baffled temptations. Where was that mother now! How needed to guide the steps of her child, who had ever been the slave of her own passions and pride, and now, in the moment of danger, was saved alone by the natural instinct inherent in woman, that recoils even from the semblance of vice.

One of her most pertinacious followers, who, from the beauty of his person, and his high rank, had never met with a rebuff, kept his place at her side, in the full confidence of success, which he ever looked upon as his sure reward; but in the young Englishwoman he found a most obstinate pupil; and he could not prevail over her with such ease as he did with the proud signoras of his own land, where vice and virtue are mere names, and where to be virtuous is to appear so.

He had one night, at a grand *fete*, seated himself, as was his custom, by her side, with a full determination to bring to a close the long love-siege which began rather to pique his vanity, and tire his patience. The usual common-place in such cases understood, the Countess bore with all the coldness of her disposition, and she permitted him to run on unchecked through his hopes and despairing, and other poetical descriptions of the torments which she had made him endure. At last, grown confident by her silence, he dared to place his own arm around her slender waist. She sprang from his side. A stinging reproach had hardly fell from her lips, when a gentleman who had hovered near them, and who had overheard her words, felled her insulter to the earth as he was in the act of seizing her hand. She turned for one moment to look at her rescuer, in whom she expected to see her husband; but her eyes fell on the pale and convulsed features of the youthful painter. After whispering his name in the ear of the enraged noble, he slightly bowed to her, and coldly passed on.

Months passed on, and she never beheld him, although she heard of his fame, which stood high even in that city of the famous. Her husband, as of necessity, met the insulter of his wife, and they fired at each other as long as their seconds thought fit, and then, after a great deal of mutual politeness, returned home to breakfast.

But the hot Italian blood of her husband's adversary was not so easily cooled; he felt too deeply the ignominy of the blow, and the scorn of the proud Englishwoman, whom he thought entertained some tender feeling for the young painter, whose early history he soon traced out. Deeming the painter a successful rival, he was doubly desirous of revenge upon him. He quickly sought out, and found with facility,—for ready instruments are easily found in the Holy City—creatures to carry out his vengeance, which he was too dastardly to do himself. He purposed at once to crush the hopes of the young painter, and the vaunted honour of the woman who had dared to refuse him.

The riches of the Earl and his wife, and the splendour of their beautiful palace, which stood in the suburbs, had long been the talk and wonder of Rome. The character of its owner was also no secret. His splendid *fetes* were the resort of all the gay and beautiful, as well, also, as the bad and vicious, who found his purse-strings always ready, and open to supply their pandering sycophancy with funds, of which they did not fail availing themselves when, half-mad with drink, he sought another fatal excitement in the dice.

One night, or rather morning, for the faint streaks of light were seen in the

horizon, betokening the night almost spent, the guests had departed, and the host had been borne by his servants to his couch, the fair Countess pressed her pillow alone. Here and there in the splendid saloons a few lamps were left to die in their sockets by the careless and inebriated servants of the household, in which no order or regulation was kept. The whole place was now wrapped in repose, and three figures were seen stealthily approaching through the trees in the garden, evidently aiming at concealment. Slowly, like the motions of a snake, did they wind their way through the dark foliage and luxuriant flower parterres. At length they gained the upper terrace, where for a moment they hesitated; but after a short consultation approached one of the lower windows, which seemed to have been intentionally unfastened, and entered with silence and caution.

A few minutes had elapsed, when a faint scream was heard, and almost instantly after, the three men appeared, bearing a muffled figure between them. In the scuffle to expedite their flight, the wrapper which enveloped it slipped aside, and discovered the form of the Countess, who screamed immediately for help. This brought in a moment to the succour two or three half-dressed and frightened domestics, who were intimidated from further advance by the threatening gestures of the brigands. They were, however, soon reinforced by the appearance of the Earl, who, in his dressing-gown, sword in hand, and but half recovered from his midnight debauch, staggered wildly forward, attempting to encourage the tired grooms to attack the robbers. He had hardly advanced ten paces, when the foremost of the brigands, who was masked, approached him, and, striking up his sword, passed his weapon through his body. The unfortunate husband fell, with a deep groan, dead upon the marble pavement of the terrace, which was crimsoned with his blood. In the brigand's struggle to free his sword from the entanglement of the Earl's dress, the mask dropped from his face, and shewed the features of the libertine noble, who had so basely attempted the honour of the Countess. The appalled domestics, who were unarmed, rushed back into the mansion to alarm the rest of the household, who were quickly on the spot; but the villains had fled with their prize, leaving behind only a paper, stuck with a dagger on the window-post, to the following effect:—That the Countess would be carried to the mountains, and if not ransomed at a heavy sum, in less than twenty-four hours she would meet with dishonour and death.

Pursuit was immediately set on foot by the authorities; the murder and the abduction were upon every tongue. Parties scoured the woods in every direction; but in vain. Troops were despatched towards the mountains, in hopes of intercepting the fugitives before they gained their hiding places.

Evening approached without any trace of the unfortunate lady or her abductors. Many returned to the city, broken down with toil and fatigue, fearing, as night advanced, to proceed farther into the mountains. One spirit alone flagged not—the young painter's! who, almost frantic, was the first to start upon the alarm. Well acquainted, from his repeated wandering, with the country around, and the habits of the men of whom he was in pursuit, he proceeded with a burning heart and determined purpose to the deepest recesses of the mountains, for he felt assured that—from the discovery of the principal agent concerned,—her dishonour was certain; and that the colour of brigandage was merely given to the act to hide his fouler purpose. The young painter forgot the scorn she once levelled at him, and remembered only the fair girl that had wiled away the happiest portion of his life, and whom he could never cease to love. Distance or fatigue was nothing; despair lent him supernatural strength. If he stopped, it was but for a moment, to moisten his parched lips at some mountain stream.

Deep in woody ravine, where the struggling moon, piercing the gloomy, overhanging foliage, shewed but a few streaks of silver upon the mossy rocks, the forms of two men, that were lying at full length asleep upon the greensward, were discovered. At some distance from them, and deeper in the gloom, sat a female figure, whose white draperies, in the loneliness of the spot, appeared ghost-like and unreal. Beside her stood the tall form of the Earl's murderer, whose deep voice of passion and entreaty continued unavailingly to attempt to move the captive Countess, who face was buried in her hands, and who refused to reply by a single syllable to his suit. The speaker, after spending some time in threats and expostulations, seized her rudely by the arm, and, although apparently weak from exhaustion, she struggled violently with him. Upon his attempting to drag her from the vicinity of his sleeping companions she uttered a despairing scream, that was answered by a thousand echoes from the surrounding rocks. The two sleeping brigands started on their feet in alarm. Hardly able to shake off the effects of the deep slumber into which they had sunk, they staggered to the spot where the Countess was endeavouring to disengage herself from her ravisher. The report of a shot rang through the ravine, and the foremost villain sprang into the air, and dropped down a corpse at the feet of his companion, who for a moment looked wildly around him, and saw at length the form of a man dropping down from the boughs of an overhanging tree. He promptly drew his pistol from his belt, and fired. The figure tottered for a moment; but, instantly recovering himself, rushed forward, and sprang upon the brigand like a tiger. The encounter was desperate, but short, and they both soon rolled, struggling together, into a small watercourse, that traversed the valley. The ravisher, who had quitted the Countess on the first alarm, now stood bewildered expecting every moment another attack from the surrounding thickets; but, to his surprise, a dead silence prevailed. He directly proceeded to the assistance of his follower, and having descended into the rocky hollow of the watercourse, beheld the two combatants apparently dead, lying at some distance from each other. He approached with eager curiosity, to look upon the features of the determined assailant; but at the moment of his scrutiny he was seized by the throat, and dragged to the earth. The suddenness of the attack completely bereft him of power, and his sword dropped from his grasp; but he snatched his stiletto, and dealt some rapid blows with it, in hopes of disengaging himself, but in vain; for, although some of his thrusts told, he could not free himself from the wild grasp of his foe, who, suddenly finding his hold relax through loss of blood, ran back a few paces, and fired full at the front of his antagonist, and the ravisher received the ball through his heart.

The lady had sunk cowering down beneath the shelter of a tree, unable to fly, and almost unconscious of what was passing; but, after the report of the last pistol, she was startled by the appearance of a man making his way slowly towards her. Whether friend or foe, in her distraction she could not tell; but upon his nearer approach she discovered it was not either of her ravishers. Her heart leapt with joy as she rose to meet him; but, ere she could do so, he fell upon his knees, and sank at full length at her feet, breathing forth with anguish a few words almost indistinct, and in which she heard her own name mixed with fervent thanks for her preservation.

She knelt by the prostrate figure of her preserver, and raised his head. As she did so, the moon beamed full and brilliant upon the dying face of the young

painter! What were her emotions when she saw the blood that was flowing from that noble heart, faithful to her even unto death. His full eyes gazed, with a melancholy look, upon her pitying tears! No words fell from his lips; but his bleeding wounds and noble devotion spoke with terrible tongues to her, as she felt, for the first time, that she had been doubly his destroyer.

Pride died in the stillness of that valley, and her hand clasped the feeble hands of the dying youth, as she watched with awe the last fleeting moments of his generous spirit.

Morning broke, and a strong party of soldiers, who had been guided by the distant reports of fire-arms, soon discovered a crouching female in white drapery. One hand she pressed convulsively to her face, and with the other she held the death-clasped hand of the dying painter to her side. They approached, and raised her gently; and, as she beheld the rigid features, and fixed eyes of her preserver, she shuddered, and wept. He was dead! She turned to the commandant of the party, who had formed a litter for her, and almost in a whisper said,

"Here is my preserver,—bear him with you,—I will not leave him here."

The mind of the Countess was for some months in a state of oblivion as to the past: and when she awoke to consciousness, it was upon the bosom of her mother. No word was uttered in relation to what had occurred; but she never smiled again, for the moonlight ravine and the dying eyes of the painter could never be banished from her imagination! The colour never returned to her pallid cheek, and I became the only memento of what she was!

Miscellaneous Articles.

CAUSE OF DOUBLE FLOWERS.

The cause of double flowers has lately been explained in the *Revue Horticole*, on a rather curious and interesting principle. It is impossible for any inquiring mind not to attempt an explanation of the fact, that many plants which, in a state of nature, never present more than a single row of petals, begin to assume several rows under continued cultivation. The effects of a richer soil, and other genial circumstances, or the mere accident of double petals in one plant transmitted with improvement through its progeny, are the common explanations; and these are generally received as satisfactory, without reflecting that what we call accident is itself a result of some cause, and that change of condition must attack some physiological principle before it can have any effect in modifying the character of a plant. Nothing is now so common as double flowers; and "to explain the phenomenon," says the *Revue*, "we must make practice agree with theory. Every gardener who sows seed wishes to obtain plants with double flowers, so as to have blossoms which produce the greatest effect. Every double plant is a monstrous vegetable. To produce this anomaly, we must attack the principle of its creation; that is to say, the seed. This being granted, let us examine in what way these seeds ought to be treated. If, after having gathered the seeds of Ten Week's Stock, for example, we sow them immediately, the greater number of the seedlings will produce single flowers: whilst, on the contrary, if we preserve these same seeds for three or four years, and sow them, we shall find double flowers upon nearly all the plants. To explain this phenomenon, we say that, in keeping a seed for several years, we fatigue and weaken it so, that the energy which would otherwise have been expended in producing stamens, produces petals. Then, when we place it in a suitable soil, we change its natural state, and from a wild plant, make it a cultivated one. What proves our position is, that plants in their wild state, shedding their seeds naturally, and sowing them as soon as they fall to the ground, yet in a long succession of time scarcely ever produce plants with double flowers. We think, then, after what we have said, that whenever a gardener wishes to obtain double flowers, he ought not to sow the seeds till after having kept them as long a time as possible. These principles are equally applicable to melons, and all plants of that family. We admit, like many other observers, that melon plants obtained from seeds of the preceding year ought to produce, and do produce, really very vigorous shoots, with much foliage; but very few fruitful flowers appear on such plants; whilst, on the other hand, when we sow old seeds, we obtain an abundance of very large fruit. In fact, in all varieties of the melon, the seeds should always be kept from three to eight years before being sown, if we would obtain fine fruit, and plenty of it."

Military Sport.—The musket-ammunition within the walls became so scarce that instructions were given to collect the bullets which the enemy threw, and to run them into moulds for the use of the garrison. Some idea, likewise, may be formed of the nature of the leaden hail under which the garrison lived, when it is stated that one officer collected in a day for his own use not fewer than one hundred and thirty bullets; and as powder was happily abundant, a supply of cartridges came into store, not before it was needed. And here it may be well to observe, that among the officers in garrison there were many who had brought rifles and fowling-pieces to the seat of war. These, for the lack of other game took to practising against the Afghans; and many a capital shot was made, not in wantonness, but always when the necessity for it arose. For example, the grass-cutters went forth every morning to collect fodder for the animals. If it was meant that they should penetrate to a spot far removed from the walls, an armed party escorted them; if there seemed to be forage enough near at hand, they were permitted to go unguarded, the sentinels on the ramparts looking out for them. On these occasions it was that the good aim of one or more amateur rifleman saved many a valuable life, and secured food for the cavalry horses; for it was considered a mere amusement to keep an eye upon the enemy's parties, and to knock down the boldest, as often as in the attempt to cut off the foragers they ventured within range.—*Salé's Brigade in Afghanistan.*

THE ELECTRIC GUN.

This great destroying power is at present exhibiting in London. It is a small carriage, running upon a pair of wheels, and having a third wheel attached, by which it traverses with ease and steadiness. The barrel for discharging the bullets is over the body of the machine, and admirably adapted for taking aim at any altitude, so that, as we were assured, a pigeon's flight could be followed in the air. It is supplied with balls by two chambers, one of which is fixed, the other moveable. The latter is called the volley chamber, and can be made to contain any number of balls. The model contains but 50 balls, but if constructed to hold 200, from 1000 to 1200, it is stated, could be discharged in a minute; and so great is the force with which the balls were sent a distance of 40 yards, that a 1-2 inch plank was penetrated at every shot, the balls flattening, and in some instances were scattered into fragments. The volleys are shot off in quick succession, and while being reloaded the stationary chamber continues to supply the barrel, so that a constant discharge may be maintained for months if required. The bullets are five-eighths of an inch in diameter, but with a little enlargement of apparatus, balls of one inch diameter could be discharged with increased force.

The bullets now used would kill at the distance of one mile. It is stated that the cost of keeping the machine in action, requiring four men, in eighteen hours, would be £10, throwing more bullets than two regiments, each working nine hours, whose expenditure of cartridges would be £3,500.

Ruse de Guerre.—From morning till night, strong working-parties plied their intrenching tools. They were not permitted to do so unmolested; for clouds of Afghans crept up under cover wherever they could find it, and fired long shots incessantly, though not to much purpose. At length the officers devised a scheme for drawing off this fire from the men; which proved for a time eminently successful, and occasioned great mirth in the garrison. They dressed up a wooden image, and put a cocked hat on its head, painting the face so as to make it resemble when seen from a distance an officer of rank; and, raising it from time to time above the parapet, drew such a storm of fire towards it as left the working-party free. They would cause it to move backwards and forwards likewise, as if the General had been reconnoitering; and occasionally let it fall; whereupon a loud shout from the Afghan skirmishers gave indication that they were amazingly pleased with themselves. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the enemy's shout was responded to by peals of laughter from the garrison; but the trick seemed to be discovered at last, and then the effigy was removed.—*Salé's Brigade in Afghanistan.*

Neapolitan Aquatics.—There are certain aquatic amusements practised by the Neapolitans in the Bay, which are peculiar to that locality. As I do not remember having seen such exhibitions anywhere described, I may shortly allude to them. One of them is a tournament, in which the rival forces consist of twelve boats on each side, respectively painted red and blue: they are very small, probably about ten feet long, and are each manned by two men. One pulls the boat; the other, the champion, stands upon a platform raised flush with the sides of the boat at its stern: these are armed with very long wooden lances, on the end of which is a leathern ball. At a given signal a boat from each of the opposing ranks pulls out; and, meeting midway, the two warriors level their lances; and, coming in direct collision, one, and sometimes both, are precipitated into the sea: the boats immediately pull back again into position, leaving the discomfited knight to pick up his lance and follow at his leisure. In this way the fight continues till one side (or colour of boat) has every man immersed. Victory, then, as to the colour, is decided. It sometimes happens, however, two of one colour are left; and these again contend for the individual prize. These being the most dexterous, often sustain each other's shocks six or seven times; till at length one is precipitated into the sea, and so ends the fight.

THE LAST MAN OF ELPHINSTONE'S ARMY.

Working-parties busied themselves all day long during the 11th and the 12th in digging a ditch round the bastion on the North-west angle of the town: that being the point on which the acting engineer saw that the place was weakest. They were thus engaged, their arms being piled near them, and the cavalry with horses saddled, ready to gallop forth to their support, when, a little after noon on the 13th, one of the sentries on that part of the wall which faced Gundamuck and the road from Cabul called aloud that he saw a mounted man in the distance. In a moment glasses were levelled in this direction; and there, sure enough, could be distinguished leaning rather than sitting upon a miserable pony, a European, faint as it seemed from travel, if not sick, or perhaps wounded. It is impossible to describe the sort of thrill which ran through the men's veins as they watched the movements of the stranger. Slowly he approached; and, strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that Colonel Dennie foretold the nature of the tidings of which he was the bearer: for it is a fact, which every surviving officer of the Thirteenth will vouch for, that almost from the first Colonel Dennie had boded ill of the force left in Cabul; and that subsequently to the receipt of the earliest intelligence which told of the warfare in which they were engaged, and of the disastrous results to which it led, he repeatedly declared his conviction, that to a man the army would be destroyed. His words were, "You'll see: not a soul will escape from Cabul except one man, and he will come to tell us that the rest are destroyed." Under such circumstances it is very little to be wondered at, if men's blood curdled while they watched the advance of the solitary horseman; and the voice of Dennie sounded like the response of an oracle when he exclaimed, "Did I not say so! here comes the messenger."

Colonel Dennie spoke the truth. An escort of cavalry being sent out to meet the traveller, he was brought in bleeding and faint, and covered with wounds; grasping in his right hand the hilt and a small fragment of a sword which had broken in the terrible conflict from which he was come. He proved to be Dr. Brydon; whose escape from the scene of slaughter had been marvellous, and who at the moment believed himself to be, and was regarded by others, as the sole survivor of General Elphinstone's once magnificent little army.—*Salé's Brigade in Afghanistan.*

SECRETIVENESS OF THE INDIANS OF PERU.

The Indians have discovered that their silver mines have made their condition rather worse than better. They determine, therefore, to keep secret their knowledge of some rich veins of silver not yet explored by Europeans. Traditions of these mines had been handed down, it is supposed, from father to son, through centuries. Even brandy, which will open the Indian's mouth on any other subject, fails in this case. A few years ago, there lived, in the large village of Huancayo, the brothers Don Jose and Don Pedro Iriarte, who were among the wealthiest mine proprietors of Peru. As they had reason to suspect the existence of rich unexplored veins among the neighbouring hills, they sent out a young man in their employ to examine the country, and use the likeliest means of discovery. Accordingly he repaired to a village, where he found lodgings in the hut of an Indian shepherd, from whom he concealed his object. In the course of a few months, an attachment had grown up between the young adventurer and the shepherd's daughter; and, at last, the young man succeeded so far in his object as to win from the girl a promise that she would point out to him the mouth of a rich silver-mine. She directed him to follow her, at some distance, on a certain day when she should go out to tend her flock on the hills; and to notice where she dropped her "manta" (a woollen shawl). There, she told him, he would find the entrance of the mine. The young agent obeyed her directions; and after some digging, found his way into a moderately deep shaft, which led to a rich vein of silver. He was busily engaged in breaking off some specimens of the ore, when he was surprised by the old shepherd, who congratulated him on the discovery, and offered assistance. After working together for some hours, they rested; and the Indian offered to the young man a cup of *chicha*, which he drank. Soon after drinking, he felt unwell; and, as a suspicion of being poisoned flashed upon his mind, he instantly packed the specimens of ore in his wallet, hastened back to the village, and thence rode to

Huancayo. He had only time to explain his adventure to his employers, and point out as well as he could, the locality of the mine: for he died in the night. Another exploring party was immediately sent into the neighbourhood, but without success; the Indian and his family had vanished from the place, and no trace of the mine could be discovered. * * * A certain Franciscan monk, a passionate gambler, lived at Huancayo. By his friendly offices he had become a favourite among the Indians, to whom he often applied when in want of money. One day, when he suffered losses at the hazard-table, he begged of an Indian, who was his relative, to help him out of his poverty. The Indian, promised assistance on the following evening; and arrived punctually at the appointed time with a bag full of silver ore for the monk. This process was repeated several times; until the still needy monk earnestly prayed that he might be favoured with a view of the source from which his wants had been so often supplied. This request also was granted by the friendly relative; and, accordingly, on the appointed night, three Indians came to the house of the Franciscan,—desired that he would allow them to bandage his eyes, and, he assenting, carried him away, on their shoulders, some miles among the mountains. There, they lifted him down, conducted him down a shaft of little depth, and displayed to him a rich and shining vein of silver. When he had amply feasted his sight, and had taken ore enough for his present necessities, his eyes were again bandaged, and he was carried home on his guides. On the road, he slyly untied his rosary; and dropped a bead here and there, that he might have a clue to the mine. Arrived at home, he lay down to rest, in the comfortable hope of exploring the path to wealth on the following day; but, in the course of about two hours, the Indian, his relative, came to the door, with his hand full of beads—"Father," said he, as he gave them to the monk, "you lost your rosary on the road!"—*Tschudi's Peru.*

AN INDIAN EXECUTION.

The first Indian that was capitally executed by the Cherokees, under Cherokee laws, and by a Cherokee sheriff, was a man named Nat, who was hanged several years ago, about five miles from Van Buren, Arkansas, for the murder of another Indian, who was called Musquito. The sheriff had caused a gallows to be erected a short distance from the court lodge; but when the culprit was brought to it, he being a very tall man, it was found to be too short for his accommodation, and some other place had to be sought for the execution. The whole band of Indians, with the sheriff and Nat in the midst of them, then betook themselves to the banks of the Arkansas, in search of a proper tree from which to suspend the prisoner; and, after a little time, a tall cotton wood was found, with a projecting branch far up the trunk, that in the opinion of all was suitable for the purpose. Nat, now that all things were ready, expressed a wish to bathe in the river once more, which he was permitted to do, carefully watched by the rifles from the shore. He went into the water, frolicked about for some time; swam to and fro, with great apparent pleasure; then came to the shore, donned his blanket, and stood ready for the last act of the drama. The sheriff now told him to climb the tree, which he commenced doing, the officer of the law toiling up after him with the fatal cord. Nat reached the projecting limb of the tree, and was desired by the sheriff to work himself as far out upon it from the trunk as he could, which was done; when the sheriff adjusted the noose around his neck, and tied the other end of the rope around the limb. All these preparations were conducted with the utmost coolness, and the most perfect good understanding existed between the sheriff and the Indian. When all the arrangements were completed, the sheriff told Nat that he would slide down the tree to the ground, and make a signal, when he, the prisoner, must jump off the limb, to which Nat cheerfully assented. The sheriff reached the ground, and, looking up to the limb upon which sat the poor victim, he shouted, "Now, Nat, you red devil, jump!" And jump Nat did; and, after a few struggles, hung a mass of lifeless clay, to the infinite wonderment of his red brethren, who had never before been regaled with the sight of an execution of that kind.—*Echoes from the Backwoods.*

Imperial Parliament.

MINISTERIAL PLANS AND POLICY.

House of Commons, July 16.

The first debate that has signalled the accession of the new Ministry occurred on occasion of Lord John Russell rising to explain the measures he was prepared to proceed with. It indicated a curious state of feeling in the House. The disorganization of party has infected the Whig camp as well as the Tory. Mr. Duncombe, on behalf of the Radical party, called for a statement of Ministerial policy, and showed plainly enough his wish to fly off into opposition. Lord John Russell did not shrink from the challenge. Abandoning his shield of official reserve, he stated, with tolerable distinctness, what he would and what he would not do, and boldly avowed the principle of open questions in his Ministry. Mr. Wakley and some others of the Radical party thought the explanations given very unsatisfactory, as indicating a mere do-nothing policy, and made no secret of their conviction that they could obtain larger concessions from Sir Robert Peel, who, according to them, is now idolized by the people. The debate, as the first expression of Radical discontent, has interest apart from its value, as explaining the plans of the new Premier.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL said:—Mr. Speaker, I stated that I would to-day give notice to the House of the general course of policy which her Majesty's Government propose to pursue with respect to several of the bills now before Parliament, and I will do so on moving the consideration of the orders of the day. Sir, I wish, in the first place, to give notice that I will, on Monday next, state the plan of the Government with respect to the sugar duties. I shall state that plan in committee, and propose afterwards to adjourn the consideration of it till the Friday following. It is now so late in the session that it is necessary to name that early day for the consideration of the question, and I give this notice in order that hon. gentlemen may be prepared for my making the motion. At the same time, as only a fortnight will elapse before the Sugar Duties Bill expires, I shall propose a short bill similar to the last bill for the continuance of those duties for one month, or until Parliament shall otherwise provide. With respect to the bills which are now before the House, the first of them that comes under my consideration is the Poor Removal Bill. In reference to that bill, my right hon. friend the Secretary for the Home Department will presently state what we propose should be done with regard to that measure. The next is the Drainage Bill, which is a bill to facilitate the improvement of land. My hon. friend, or some other member of the Government, will undertake the conduct of that bill, with the hope of carrying it in the present session. The next and most important class of bills are those which were brought forward by the Noble Lord the late Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. One of those bills, and a most important one—I mean the Ejectment Bill—I propose to go on with, not exactly in the shape it is at present, but with some alteration, preserving the

clause, which I think is contained in the bill, which prevents distraining upon the growing crops. The Leasing Bill we also propose to go on with. Then with regard to the other bill affecting Ireland, there is a bill, the Tenants' Compensation Bill; we find on looking at the machinery of it that it is exceedingly complicated, but we wish to give further consideration to it, with the view of seeing whether we can hope to pass it into a law. There are some other Irish bills with regard to which my right hon. friend the Chief Secretary for Ireland will be able to answer any inquiries that may be put. I do not see any necessity for noticing them at present. There are some bills now in the House of Lords. One of them is called the Small Debts Bill, which is a bill similar to one introduced by a former Government and the late Government, and which has been repeatedly before Parliament. The present Government entirely approves of the general purport of that bill; and although it is a bill of great length, containing many provisions, I do hope that we may be enabled to obtain the sanction of Parliament to it in the present session, as it is a measure of very great importance. There is also another bill which likewise is at present in the House of Lords, which the Government do not propose to take into their own hands, unless it shall be necessary, but which I trust will obtain the assent of Parliament—it is called the Religious Opinions Bill. That bill was introduced by a member of the late Government, and, I believe in the name of the Government, as a Government bill. I trust that the author of that bill will continue to take charge of it; but, should he be of opinion that he should not do that, some member of the present Government will take charge of it and propose it in the shape in which it at present stands. There are many other bills which are not of great importance which we propose to go on with. With respect to measures to be introduced, I will not give any detailed notice; I will only say that, looking at the improvement of waste lands in Ireland as a subject of the greatest importance, we shall endeavour to introduce a preparatory measure, and, if it is necessary to ask the aid of Parliament for any measure of that kind, we shall be prepared to do so in the present session. At all events we shall make preparations for the introduction of some plan for the improvement of waste lands early in the next session. These, sir, are the general statements I have to make in moving the orders of the day.

Mr. E. DENISON complained that in Lord J. Russell's Ministry the landed interest was not adequately represented:—"The great towns were amply and powerfully represented. The law was represented more than it deserved—(laughter)—but he looked in vain for any powerful parties to represent the interests of the land. If this was a defect in any Administration, it was so particularly at the present moment, when the landed interest had received a rude shock from the hands of those from whom it had least reason to expect it—(Cheers from the Country party.)"

Mr. T. DUNCOMBE said, that when, a few days ago, he had asked Lord J. Russell whether he was prepared to explain the policy of his Government, he had not intended to produce the irritation his question seemed to cause the noble lord. But he thought the uncertainty and confusion of parties then existing in the House required a distinct declaration of the policy of the new Ministers:—"According to all parliamentary usage, when a new man became Prime Minister of this country, he had felt it a duty due from him to the country and to the people to explain to Parliament on the first occasion the principles on which his Government would be conducted. On that principle he had asked the noble lord his question; and what was the answer he had received? There was nothing in that question to induce what he considered was rather a pettish answer at the time; but, if he objected to the tone of that answer, he was still more astonished at its substance. The noble lord replied that his government "would be conducted on the principles on which he had always acted, and on the opinions he had always professed in that House." Now, he had asked many gentlemen what interpretation could be put upon that reply, and what construction could be given to the words of the noble lords, but he had not found any one able to put a construction—(Laughter). If the noble lord had said that the principles of his Government were the principles of the Government of Lord Grey, he would have been able to understand him; if he had said that the principles of his Government were the principles of Lord Melbourne's Government, he would have been able to understand him; but when he saw the new features of party in that House, and the different arrangement of seats, he was puzzled, and every one who heard the noble lord's statement must have been puzzled also—(Laughter). At what period were the noble lord's opinions to be taken; would he tell them any one year to which they were to refer? The noble lord ought at least to fix the time of the principles on which he had always acted, and of the opinions he had always avowed."

He first asked Lord J. Russell whether he had proposed to members of the late Government that they should take office in his ministry:—"Rumour, for which in a very short time he would give an undoubted authority, declared that the noble lord had applied to the right hon. baronet (Sir R. Peel) to lend him three of the most distinguished members of the late Administration—(great laughter)—Lord Lincoln, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and Lord Dalhousie; and perhaps their accession to the Government would have satisfied the hon. member for Malton—(laughter)—since they were closely connected with the landed interest. Now, he (Mr. Duncombe) did not care a straw whether the members of the Government were connected with the manufacturing, the commercial, the trading, or the agricultural interests. All he wanted to know was, their principles, and the mode in which they intended to conduct the Government; and he would ask the noble lord whether he did apply, directly or indirectly, to the three gentlemen connected with the late Administration?"

If they were to have any members of the late Government in the present, he agreed with Mr. Ward, the Secretary of the Admiralty, let them have men worth their money, tried and experienced officials, not new men:—

The late Government had an excellent Secretary of State for the Home Department, who it was admitted, discharged the duties of his office to the satisfaction of all—(ironical cheers, and cries of "The Post-office")—as far as the public interests went. The personal squabble he had with him could have nothing to do with the mode in which he discharged his public duties, and could weigh only as a feather in the balance. Then there was the Chancellor of the Exchequer—and old and experienced Chancellor of the Exchequer—(great laughter)—whose budgets for years had "braved the battle and the breeze," and who was at any rate to be preferred to a raw and inexperienced man, though he might come from Halifax. He said then at once that it would have been better for the noble lord and for the right hon. baronet to have taken their places together.

The next point on which he desired an explanation from Lord John was the Irish Church question:—"What opinion did the noble lord express with respect to that church last year? His hon. friend the member for Sheffield moved as an amendment on the Maynooth Bill—"That it is the opinion of this House that any provision to be made for the purposes of the present bill ought to be taken from the funds already applicable to ecclesiastical purposes in Ireland." The

noble lord had voted in support of that motion. Was that the principle on which the Government of the noble lord was to be conducted? The noble lord had said that he supported the Maynooth grant only as a prelude to other measures which would lead ultimately to the endowment of the Roman Catholic clergy; and Lord Howick, who was then in that House, had gone further, and said that he would take the revenues of the Protestant Church, and apply them, in the first instance, towards the payment of the Roman Catholics, whose original property they were. He wanted to know whether these were the principles on which the noble lord's Government was to be conducted?

He wished also to know whether Lord John Russell adhered to his doctrine of the finality of the Reform Bill, and whether he would oppose a motion for the extension of the franchise? There was another great measure connected with the social improvement of the people, on which it was important that the noble lord should declare himself, namely, the bill for abridging the hours of labour in factories:—"The noble lord had given a zealous support to that measure during the existence of the late Government; he was now at the head of the Government, and as he (Mr. Duncombe) believed he had the means, by a great majority in that House, of carrying out the proposals he had supported—(cheers)—the noble lord would not tell him that he left that measure in the hands of individual and independent members of the House, but that he would take it out of their hands and bring it, as he could do, to a satisfactory issue. He looked, then, to the composition of the noble lord's Ministry, and he found sitting beside him the hon. member for Taunton (Mr. Labouchere), a violent opponent of the measure, and the hon. gentleman the member for Sheffield, and what was he to think of it?"

It was for the interest of all parties that there should be no deception, and he asked Lord John Russell to come forward and state fully and frankly the policy he meant to pursue.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL, then spoke as follows:—"When the hon. gentleman asked me the other night whether I was prepared to make a declaration of the principles upon which the Ministry of which I am at the head is to be conducted, I declined undertaking that task. I, however, took no offence, as the hon. gentleman seems to suppose, at the question, though it did not appear to me to be necessary that a person who had taken a part, perhaps an unwise—perhaps, to the country, an injurious part, in the discussions of this House, yet at least always an open part, should, after being called upon by her Majesty to form a Government, and after having succeeded in inducing individuals who, in his opinion, are competent to conduct the affairs of the different departments, to share with him the responsibility of Government—to make a general parade of opinions and principles—a parade which it is very easy to make of declarations which may combine the sentiments of a very large majority in this House, and yet, when that parade is made, may leave members as ignorant as they were before as to the precise measures which the Government intend to introduce—(Hear, hear, and a laugh). I therefore did not think it necessary to make any such declaration; and though the hon. gentleman has alluded to various persons who filled the situation I have now the honour to hold as having made such declarations, I am at a loss to call to mind when those general declarations were made, or who were the persons that made them, on assuming the government of the country."

Mr. T. DUNCOMBE: Earl Grey did.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL: I do not remember that Earl Grey made, in the House of Lords, a general declaration of policy; or that Lord Melbourne or Sir Robert Peel made any such general declaration. But my hon. friend the member for Malton (Mr. E. Denison), and the hon. gentleman the member for Finsbury, have made various comments and criticisms on the composition of the Ministry. At least the hon. member for Finsbury has asked various questions, to some of which certainly I shall proceed to give an answer.

But first with respect to my hon. friend the member for Malton. He makes a criticism, which I own I do not think very just, as to the composition of the Ministry. I own that I think, considering the vast extent to which commerce and manufactures have proceeded of late times in this country, considering how vast a portion of the community depends on them, that it would be rather a juster criticism, if such criticisms are to be made, to say that there are too many members of the present Administration who are connected by family entirely with land than that there are too few. But I decline to enter up any answer to that allusion.

I think that we have heard enough, and more than enough, on the one side, of the importance of the landed interest, and how exclusively its interests ought to be considered; and, on the other hand, that the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire are hereafter to govern the country. For myself, I deny the justice of either plan or principle. I hold myself that not for land, not for commerce, or for manufactures, but for the benefit of the whole people of the united empire, the Ministry ought to be constituted, and it will be according to the manner in which the Ministers shall discharge their functions—it will be according to the mode in which they can answer to their high trust—that their conduct must be judged, and not by any particular computation as to how much income one gentleman may receive from land, or how far another, who happens to hold the situation of Lord Chancellor, has been all his life connected with the profession of the law.

But the hon. gentleman the member for Finsbury proceeded to other questions, and he inquired, in the first place, whether in the construction of the Ministry I asked for the aid of three gentlemen who were the colleagues of Sir R. Peel in the late Government. The hon. gentleman asks, in that vein of agreeable levity with which he sometimes entertains the House—"Did I ask Sir R. Peel to lend me three of his colleagues?" (Laughter.) Let not that representation on the part of the hon. gentleman be taken as any resemblance of the fact; but, with regard to the fact itself, I do not deny that I did ask Lord Dalhousie, Lord Lincoln, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, to do me the honour to become colleagues of mine in the Government which I was about to form. (Cheers.) It was my opinion that I ought not to endeavour to procure the aid in office of persons from whom I widely differed in political sentiments, and that those who maintained, and honourably maintained I admit, as had been lately declared by them, the same opinions in 1846 as they held in 1841, and which opinions are entirely adverse to mine, could not properly be asked by me to assist me in the formation of the Government. But, at the same time, I did think it of consequence—of great consequence—to the honour and happiness of my Sovereign, and to the welfare of the country, that a Ministry should be formed which should combine as much as possible of support—some placing their confidence in some members of the Government, and others placing confidence in other members of the Government—(slight laughter)—but all agreeing as to the general line of policy to be pursued. (Hear, hear.)

Now, with respect to great questions of late years—not certainly up to 1841, 1842, or 1843, but for the last two years. I have found myself sitting on the Opposition side of the House, agreeing in a great measure with those gentlemen

who were the colleagues of the right hon. gentleman the member for Tamworth. I agreed with them and supported them when they brought forward measures for the advancement of what is called "free trade"—the taking away restrictions and abolishing monopolies. I agreed with them when they endeavoured to bring forward measures which I thought just in principle, if not wise in the moment of their introduction, for the conciliation of Ireland. Therefore I did not see that there would be any sacrifice of honour on their part or on ours if they should join me in the Government. They expressed themselves, I must say, in terms personally very courteous to me, stating that they thought they could not take a part in the present Administration. That was a point entirely for them to form their own judgment upon; but I cannot reproach myself with failing in my duty to my Sovereign in making that proposition to them. (Cheers.)

The hon. gentleman next alluded to what he had seen in the public newspapers, with respect to which I shall not follow him, for I think I am not responsible in any way for what is stated in the public papers.

He then adverted to certain questions, with respect to which he wished to know the opinions of the Government. I will not deny that, though I should not have thought it necessary to make any such general or vague declaration as that to which I have alluded, yet, being called on with respect to certain questions, I do think I am bound, as far as I can, to give my opinion as to the mode in which I think the Government ought to be conducted with respect to these particular questions.

Now, in the first place, I think, as regards any Government to be formed at present or in future, but more especially as regards a Government to be formed of those who profess general liberal opinions, it is necessary to combine in office men who agree in general principles, who agree on those questions which are urgent questions of agitation of the day; but that it is not necessary that every member of such Government should agree on every question which may come under the consideration of Parliament. Such was the mode in which of old days statesmen of great ability, and who have conducted the affairs of this country with great success, formed their Governments. Such was the mode pursued by Mr. Pitt, who formed a Government of great strength and duration in 1784. The members of Government and of the Cabinet might entirely disagree with respect to parliamentary reform—a very great question in those days and at all times until the act of 1832 passed. Mr. Pitt had colleagues in that Government who disagreed with him on the important question of the slave trade in their speeches and their votes. When Mr. Fox succeeded to Mr. Pitt, he formed a Government in which there were members differing from him with respect to parliamentary reform and the Catholic question. When a Government was formed afterwards by Lord Liverpool, he comprised in his Cabinet members who differed entirely on the Catholic question, and which became in the end the most important question of the day. With respect to this latter case, I think that combination of men, differing on the Catholic question, was carried on too long, but yet, I think, when there was a question of carrying on war with France—when there was a question of endeavouring to oppose resistance against a mighty military chief who threatened the existence and independence of this country—that the head of the Administration was perfectly justified in placing in the several departments of the Government men who could act together on the imminent question of administration, though they differed on particular questions connected with the internal policy of the empire.

The right hon. gentleman the member for Tamworth, in forming his Government, certainly seems to have aimed at a much greater agreement of opinion, and at a much greater identity of conduct, on the part of the members of his Administration, and of his party generally, than was aimed at by Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, or Lord Liverpool; but I own, though the right hon. gentleman, from his great talents, great power in conducting a Ministry, from various circumstances, for a time succeeded in that attempt, I do not think that it is an attempt likely to be very successful again, or to be advantageous to the country. I say this because there are several matters, I will readily admit, on which members of the Administration of which I have the honour to be at the head are not completely agreed in opinion.

With respect, for instance, to the opinions of Earl Grey on the Irish Church, I do not concur in many of the statements made by that noble lord in this and the other House of Parliament. Some members of the Administration again may think that I have gone too far with respect to the Irish Church. I will state, however, at once, what is my intention, and the intention of my colleagues with respect to the affairs of Ireland.

We consider that the social grievances of Ireland are those which are most prominent—(cheers)—and to which it is most likely to be in our power to afford, not a complete and immediate remedy, but some remedy, some kind of improvement, so that some kind of hope may be entertained that some ten or twelve years hence the country will, by the measures we undertake, be in a far better state with respect to the frightful destitution and misery which now prevail in that country. We have that practical object in view. (Cheers.) We shall endeavour to undertake it—we will endeavour to apply our whole minds to the subject, and we will not be led away from it by any differences on other subjects not calculated to effect any immediate good. (Cheers.)

I say, secondly, with respect to the franchise in Ireland, that it is my opinion that it is a great mistake to suppose, as some persons seem now to suppose, that there is no immediate connection between the political franchise and the social condition. My opinion is, that in proportion as men are raised by the enjoyment of those franchises which belong to a free state their energy and industry are promoted, and they aspire to better things and to a higher condition. And so, seeing that I agree with those who have been the greatest lights and ornaments to this House, as, if I went into matters of detail, I could presently show, I shall endeavour to obtain for the people of Ireland the enjoyment of equal franchises with the people of England. (Cheers.)

My hon. friend says that it is necessary that I should make some declaration of principle, and that is the answer I give him. But is it necessary for me to make any declaration? In 1836 I contended successfully in this House, with respect to municipal franchises, that the people of Ireland ought not to be abased or placed on a lower level than the people of England. What I contend for in 1846 is exactly conformable with what I contended for in 1836; and I do look to be able to complete more fully than I did then the measures I had in contemplation, because I have heard from many of those who were then opposed to me in opinion the most ample concessions, the fullest and freest admissions that the franchises of the people, both of England and Ireland, ought to be perfectly equal. On this subject, then, I have better hopes than I formerly had, and it is but honourable in those who have changed their opinion on the subject, and who now think that this equality ought to exist, to avow that change of opinion, and to aid us in the endeavour to procure the desired equality.

With respect to the church in Ireland, and the endowment of the Roman Catholic clergy, I voted with my hon. friend the member for Sheffield in favour of providing for the establishment of Maynooth out of the funds of the Estab-

lished Church. We were defeated by a great majority, the opinion of the House being adverse to that proposition. I afterwards continued to the end to give a zealous support to the bill which provided for the establishment of Maynooth out of the Consolidated Fund. I made no difficulty in supporting that bill because the motion of my hon. friend was not carried. Well, I now say that I retain my opinions with respect to the Protestant Church, and with respect to the Roman Catholic endowment; but I do not think that it is necessary that I should urge these opinions at the present moment, for I should be doing that which I must confess at the present moment to be impracticable.

I believe that with respect to what some have proposed, viz., the destruction of the Protestant Church in Ireland, there could be no worse or more fatal measure sanctioned by Parliament. I believe that it would be politically injurious, because I believe that many of the most loyal in Ireland—many of those the most attached to the connection with this country—would be alienated by the destruction of that church, to which they are fondly attached. I believe that in a religious point of view it would be the commencement of a religious war; that there would be that which does not at present prevail—the most violent and vehement attack on the Roman Catholic religion; and that the Roman Catholics themselves would be the first to complain of the destruction of the Protestant Church.

Can you found or endow the Roman Catholic Church? It is quite evident from Mr. Pitt's speeches, and the memoranda left by their friends, that he was of opinion that it was possible to endow or to make some provision for the Roman Catholic Church by the state. My belief is, that, if Mr. Pitt had carried that measure, he would have carried a measure conducive to the welfare of Ireland, to the maintenance of the union, and to the peace of the United Kingdom. In conformity with that opinion I gave my vote in 1825, twenty-one years ago, in favour of a motion made by Lord F. Egerton, now the Earl of Ellesmere, who moved that a provision be made for the maintenance of the Roman Catholic Church. But what do I find at this moment? I see, generally speaking, that the Church of England, that the Dissenters of England, that the Established Church of Scotland, that the Free Church of Scotland, that the Established Church in Ireland, that the Protestant Association in Ireland, and, lastly, that the Roman Catholics of Ireland themselves, are all vehement in opposition to such a plan. I received only this morning a placard from Edinburgh, in which the Roman Catholics of Edinburgh declared that they would resist to the utmost of their power any plan for the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy. I cannot see, then, that that is a measure which I am bound, consistently with my duty, to bring under the consideration of the House until I see some kind of more favourable disposition towards it on the part of the people.

I should say, if that measure or any other measure were urgent, that, though impracticable, I might still be bound, by my duty to the Crown, to propose it, and resign office if I should not carry it; but I must confess that with respect to ecclesiastical questions in Ireland, admitting as I do that neither the state of the Protestant establishment, as affecting the south of Ireland, nor the voluntary system, as affecting the Roman Catholics, is satisfactory to my mind, yet I do see that there is not that cause of urgency that any immediate measures need be proposed with respect to them. There are many questions which are more beneficial to Ireland, and more practicable; and, therefore, I do not see the necessity of urging forward those questions, which I confess to be impracticable. If any member of this House chooses to express or feel and act upon a want of confidence in my Administration, on the ground that I am not disposed to rest for ever satisfied with the present condition of ecclesiastical affairs in Ireland, or inclined to say that the state of these affairs is consistent with justice, and that it must be kept up in perpetuity, on the principle of endowment for the Protestant minority, and of the voluntary principle for the Roman Catholic majority—if any persons are disposed to favour a vote of want of confidence on that account, I cannot help their acting on such an opinion. But I cannot, in my own mind, say that I am satisfied perfectly with that condition of affairs. I cannot pledge myself, if I find the people of England and Scotland disposed to what I think a more just and useful arrangement—I will not pledge myself to be an opponent of such arrangement.

My hon. friend went on to ask whether I should promote an extension of the franchise in this country; and he alluded to that word which has been often thrown in my teeth by those who wished to diminish any reputation I might have with the people, namely, the word "finality."

Now, the word "finality," be it remembered, was no word of mine; it was a word invented for the purpose of expressing a system to which I never, I think, gave any countenance. What happened was this, that my Lord Grey and my Lord Althorp, the one in the other House of Parliament, and the other in this, had brought forward a great measure of parliamentary reform; and when they were told by many persons, "We shall be ready to support this reform if you intend to stop here, but we cannot support it if you mean it to be a step to some other scheme of parliamentary reform which is immediately to follow it," they said, "No, we do not intend any other scheme to follow this; we consider this as a final measure; this is the only measure we propose." I repeated in this House that such had been their language, and that I did not think it would be consistent with what they had said—I did not think, sitting by my late noble friend, Lord Althorp, and consenting to his language, it would be consistent or honourable in me immediately to propose some other large scheme of parliamentary reform. I never said that the whole Reform Bill should be kept just as it was in all its parts; I said I could not be a party to any large and new scheme of representation. I said, "It may be that the people of England differ from me; they may wish to have a new reform bill; they may wish to have household suffrage or universal suffrage; they may wish to have triennial Parliaments or annual Parliaments. If that is the case, I think it is far better that scheme should be brought forward by some one who thinks it would be beneficial, and not by me, who sat by Lord Althorp when he made this declaration."

With regard to that, I am of the same mind still. I am for improvement—I am for any improvement that can be made—I am for improvement with regard to all subjects; but as to intending to bring forward a new scheme of parliamentary representation—as to introducing either household suffrage, or (what I believe my hon. friend favours) the "five points" of the charter, I will do no such thing. If I lose my hon. friend's confidence I am sorry for it; but, if he brings forward the five points of the charter, I shall think it necessary to give my decided opposition to such a plan.—[Mr. T. Duncombe: "I asked about the extension of the franchise, not the five points."—] What my hon. friend says now is, the extension of the franchise; but what he actually brought forward was a motion founded upon a petition for a reform, a petition most numerous signed, but for that specific object of which he is the advocate. As to "extension of the suffrage," I must beg to wait till I hear my hon. friend's propositions upon the subject—till I know what it is that he proposes under those very vague and indefinite words.—[Mr. T. Duncombe: "Indefinite!"]—Yes, they are very vague and indefinite.—[Mr. T. Duncombe: "What! extension

of the franchise!"—Why, I myself, at the time that I made that declaration, which was so much attacked, stated that there were certain matters—that there were other classes of voters who I thought might be introduced consistently with the Reform Bill. I will not say whether those schemes were wise or not, but what I opposed was, any new scheme of representation which was to supersede the Reform Bill.

Sir, I must confess that, generally speaking—and my hon. friend may take advantage if he likes—that with regard to great measures that have been under the consideration of Parliament, whether you speak of the Reform Act of Lord Grey, whether you speak of the Roman Catholic Relief Act, whether you speak of the repeal of the corn-laws, which has only passed the other day, I hold that it is wise in this House, it is wise in Parliament, to rest satisfied with the settlement which has been made after long deliberation by the Legislature; that there is not a gain to be acquired by the people equivalent to the stirring up of agitation consequent on the revival of subjects which have been once settled by the deliberations of Parliament.

But now, with regard to the Factories Act, I have already stated what I think should be the latitude allowed by persons who in the present day meet together in a Cabinet. I have given my vote in favour of shortening the time to eleven hours by law. If such a measure is introduced again, I shall give my vote in conformity with those that I have previously given. My right hon. friend the Home Secretary (Sir G. Grey) is, I believe, of the same opinion; every sentiment I have ever heard from him agrees with my opinion upon that subject. My right hon. friend who sits near me, the Chief Secretary for Ireland (Mr. Labouchere), has studied the subject likewise; he has studied it very attentively; he has formed a deliberate and conscientious opinion that such a law would be injurious. Sir, I do think that an Administration can be carried on usefully with regard to the general interests of the country, usefully with regard to many topics of administration, and yet not have identical views upon this question of the factories. I mean to give my vote in favour of such a bill, if introduced. I shall not expect my right hon. friend who sits near me, or others who differ from me, to make their opinions bend to mine upon that subject.

Sir, I have now stated, I believe, what are my opinions with regard to the questions that the hon. gentleman the member for Finsbury asked me. He has mixed with those questions a great deal of pleasantry, in which I certainly have been unable to follow him. I consider that I have undertaken a very grave and deep responsibility. Not being able to make up my mind that the Protection of Life Bill, introduced by the late Government, would be efficient for its purpose, or that it would contribute to the protection of life in Ireland, I felt myself compelled, being asked whether I would agree to that bill, to answer "No," upon the second reading. I was compelled to decide one way or other upon that question; it was brought forward by the late Government; they considered it their duty to bring it forward; I could not avoid my duty in forming an opinion on it, and acting according to the best of my judgment. The right hon. baronet at the head of the Government resigned; and after having given that vote, after having been a party to that decision, when her Majesty called upon to endeavour to form a Government in the place of that which had resigned power into her Majesty's hands, I conceived that it was my duty to endeavour to see if, in conjunction with others, I could carry on public measures for the benefit of the country.

On Monday next I shall have the opportunity of stating to this House the measure that we propose to introduce with respect to a very important subject; that measure will be founded upon the opinion which I have stated from 1841 to this time on the subject of free trade—upon the subject of restrictive duties. It will be for this House to consider whether that measure is suited to the interest of the country; it will be for this House to consider whether there are any reasons which will induce them to withhold their approbation from that measure. But this I am determined upon, as I told the hon. gentleman the other day, and, taking no offence, I must tell him plainly and decidedly, I will act according to the principles that I have professed in this House, according to the principles upon which I acted when I sat on the opposite side of the House, and upon which alone I could consent to take office in the present situation of affairs. I am determined, whether I sit on this side of the House or the other, to sit according to those principles which I think the most for the advantage of the country—(Cheers).

I have now sat for more than thirty years as a member of this House, proclaiming and declaring my opinions on almost every occasion, and I do not think my principles need now be any secret to the House; they are principles which, as I think, tend to increase the commerce, to set free the industry of this country, to promote the union, not merely by a legislative act, but in heart and affection, between this country and Ireland. My opinions are such as I think, to promote, to maintain, and to extend the principles of religious liberty, which, together with its civil liberty, have made this country conspicuous as one of the greatest nations of the world—(Cheers).

Mr. B. OSBORNE thought the difference between the present and late Administration was about as great as between "Tweedledum and Tweedledee;" and looked back with some pain on the vote he had given for ousting the late Administration.—It seemed now that there was no difficulty between the two Cabinets; that they had always agreed; and there might be even some understanding "under the rose," to walk across the House for a time, and then walk back again. Why, the more honest proceeding would have been for the Noble Lord to take office under the Right Hon. Baronet—(Hear, hear, and a laugh). All questions, it seemed, were to be open questions—the Cabinet were agreed upon none, except the thorough drainage question—(A laugh). They had resolved themselves into a set of commissioners of sewers—(Laughter). Mr. Osborne said he would test Mr. Ward's sincerity by bringing forward that gentleman's motion on the Irish Church, and praised the discretion of Lord J. Russell in admitting Repealers to office.

Mr. B. ESCOTT expressed unlimited confidence in Lord J. Russell, and hoped the Noble Lord would meet with no factious opposition.

Mr. WAKLEY said he was puzzled at the beginning of the evening, but then he was regularly bewildered. He understood Lord J. Russell to say that he would be guided by old Whig principles, and he could not understand Mr. Escott's approval of them.—If there was one more vehement opponent of the Whig Government than another in the west of England, and, he might add, a more effective or eloquent opponent, it was the Hon. and Learned Gentleman. (Cheers). The farmers, when they wanted some one to abuse the Whigs, said, "Send for Escott, he'll do it. Send for Bickham. Where is he? Find him out." (Much laughter, arising from the Hon. Member's imitation of the dialect of the west of England). "He'll be sure to give you the most terrible thrashing they ever had." (Laughter). The Hon. and Learned Gentleman was the life, and soul, and spirit of all the public dinners held in the west of England. Then who was it that had changed? What did it mean? He could not comprehend it. (A laugh). The Noble Lord said he should adhere to, and be re-

gulated by, his former principles, and the Hon. and Learned Gentleman was delighted. Well, there must be some considerable change somewhere. (Cheers.) He confessed he was amongst the number who could not tell why Sir R. Peel was out of office.—Sir R. Peel had made great personal sacrifices, had incurred the loss of friends, the sacrifice of political power, and had run great personal risks to carry a measure which he believed to be for the benefit of the country. For carrying that measure the Right Hon. Baronet had lost his place at the head of the Government. Were the principles that regulated the present Government the same as those of the last, and, if so, why had the change been made? He would tell the Noble Lord unhesitatingly, as an old Reformer, that his speech was by no means satisfactory to him (Mr. Wakley). The Right Hon. Baronet was now the most popular man in the kingdom; he was beloved and almost adored by the mass of the people. (Cheers, and a groan from an Hon. Member on the Ministerial side of the House). No Minister had made such sacrifices as the Right Hon. Baronet on the people's behalf; and if the Whigs did not act on the principles the Right Hon. Baronet had declared in his last speech to the House, their continuance in office would be for a very short period. He lamented the course which the present Government appeared inclined to pursue, that apathetic and do-little course which they had formerly shown. They were required to make efforts on behalf of the people. Their desire to give the smallest possible modicum of reform had formerly lost them the confidence of the people, and if they adopted their old course now they would share the same fate. The Right Hon. Baronet would then return to power on the shoulders of the people, and would retain his power for as long a term as he pleased. (Cheers.)

Mr. LABOUCHERE, in reply to the Earl of Lincoln, stated the intentions of the Government to proceed with several of the Irish bills before the House. He should be prepared to state his intentions more fully next week.

Foreign Summary.

The Hibernia brings to the United States the Oregon treaty ratified by the British Government, under the seal of the new foreign minister, Lord Palmerston. This important document was signed by his Lordship and Mr. McLane on the 17th, at the Foreign office, and afterwards transmitted for dispatch by the Hibernia, by His Excellency Mr. McLane, the American Minister to Great Britain.

The affairs of this session of Parliament will be wound up probably by the middle of August.

Efforts will be made to raise a splendid monument to Sir Robert Peel, by means of Penny subscription throughout the British Empire, as an expression of a nation's gratitude.

All the members have been returned without opposition, except Mr. McAulay and Lord Debrington.

The Cobden National Tribute Fund of £100,000, amounts already to upwards of £40,000, and every day adds largely to this amount.

American Flour.—1970 barrels of American flour have this week been taken by the Grand Junction Railway from Liverpool to Preston, and the company have commissions to take a considerable quantity more. Last week about 1000 were sent by Railway. Very superior American flour is now being retailed in that town from 6lb. to 7lb. for a shilling. The cry of all the shopkeepers is, "Nothing will sell like barrel flour." Immense quantities are moving along the streets every day. Thousands of barrels have been purchased by the corn-dealers of the town in the course of the week. Every baking-day is now the celebration of the blessings of free trade.

Ibrahim Pacha's visit to England terminated on the 17th ult. On Wednesday evening he left London for Portsmouth, travelling by the South-western Railway. On Thursday he partook of the hospitalities of Admiral Sir Charles Ogle; and on the following day embarked on board her Majesty's steamer Avenger, for Alexandria; intending to visit Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Malta, by the way. The Pacha sent £500 to the Lord Mayor to be distributed among the poor. Sami Pacha is still in London.

Mr. Edgar Alfred Bowring has been appointed Private Secretary to the Earl of Clarendon.

Lord John Russell has appointed Lieut.-Col. the Hon. George Keppel, the son of the Earl of Albemarle, to be one of his Private Secretaries.

Earl Grey, as principal Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, has appointed the Hon. Capt. Grey to be his Private Secretary.

The Marquis of Clanricarde, the new Postmaster-General, has appointed Mr. G. C. Cornwall his Private Secretary. [But when is Rowland Hill to be appointed Public Secretary?]

The Edinburgh election did not terminate without a contest. Sir Culling Eardly Smith accepted the invitation of the Free Church people and some of the more Anti-Catholic Dissenters, and allowed himself to be put in nomination against Mr. Macaulay. The malcontents placed the claims of Sir Culling on the ground of his opposition to all ecclesiastical endowments, and of his piety being more conspicuous than Macaulay's. Sir Culling, however, failed to reach the standard of the Complete Suffragists. At a preliminary meeting on Thursday, in the Waterloo Rooms, the Rev. Dr. John Ritchie asked him whether he approved of a monetary qualification for an elector. In reply, Sir Culling acknowledged that the tendency of the Bible was in favour of universal suffrage; but he was not prepared to say that either this year or the next year the suffrage ought to be extended.

On Wednesday the poll was declared, in the presence of the candidates, and of an immense and somewhat excited crowd. Mr. Macaulay admitted the fairness with which the opposition to his return had been conducted, but lectured the people of Edinburgh on the intolerance to which Protestant feeling had driven its votaries in times past—somewhat too much of a similar feeling still surviving.

Among the pensions granted by Sir Robert Peel before retiring from office, were £100 a year to Mr. Bernard Barton, the Quaker Poet; £50 each to two aged sisters of the late Major-General McGaskill; and a pension of the like amount to the daughter of Brigadier-General Taylor, killed in the late war in India.—Observer.

A Parliamentary return has just been issued of pensions charged on the Civil List for the year ending 20th June last. They were these—

Mademoiselle Augusta Emma d'Este, £500 a year "additional, in consideration of her just claims on the Royal benevolence." Dame Mary Archer Shee, £200 a year; "the wife of Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy, in consideration of his eminence as an artist, and of his services as

President of the Royal Academy during a period of sixteen years." Mr. Alfred Tennyson, £200 a year; "in consideration of his eminence as a poet." Mr. James David Forbes, £200 a year; "Professor of Natural Philosophy at the University of Edinburgh, in consideration of his attainments in science." Jane Loudon, £100 a year; "widow of the late John Claudius Loudon, author of several works connected with botanical science, in consideration of his services and merits."

Lord Metcalfe has sent the following touching reply to an address from Calcutta announcing the completion of "the Metcalfe Hall," an institution erected and named in commemoration of his Lordship, to be appropriated to the reception of the public library and to the sittings and proceedings of the Agricultural Society of India.

"Malshanger, Basingstoke, July 10.

"Sirs—Scarcely possible as it would have been under any circumstances to convey to you in adequate terms my sense of the generosity of the communication which I have received from you, on the occasion of the opening of the public building with which the inhabitants of Calcutta have done me the honour to connect my name, the difficulty is increased by the infirmities which beset me, and the hopeless state of my health. I must therefore confine myself to the expression of the fervent thanks of a grateful heart, which is fully sensible of your kindness, and of the honour conferred on me by the association of my name with the edifice appropriated to the several important institutions and purposes to which the use of the Metcalfe Hall is devoted. My anxious hope that prosperity and every other blessing may attend you, will accompany me to the grave, which is open at my feet.

"To the Inhabitants of Calcutta."

In the year 1815 they had 52 acres of docks and basins at Liverpool; the tonnage was 709,849 tons. In 1825, there were 71 acres of docks and basins; and the tonnage was 1,233,820. In 1835, there were 99 acres of docks and basins; and the tonnage had increased to 1,768,426. In 1845, the docks and basins had increased to 120 acres; and the tonnage to 3,016,531.—*The Builder*.

Mr. Sheil was re-elected for Dungarvan on Saturday last, not only without opposition, but in his absence. The Reverend Mr. Hallay, a parish-priest, put Mr. Sheil in nomination. For his sake the electors of Dungarvan would give the Whigs one more trial—

"For you, Mr. Sheil we try an experiment; for you we show our confidence in the present Administration. Let them show their sincerity, let them show their energy, let them show their efficiency in working out perfect equality for Ireland. If not, the day of reckoning is near at hand. Parliament either will shortly be dissolved, or must die a natural death; and if this Ministry deceive us—if they lose their time mincing with miserable details—if, like men, they do not at once lay hold of the principles of justice and place Ireland on a perfect equality with England—men of Dungarvan, we will have our day of retribution."

Mr. Longan seconded the nomination; assuring the electors that he had good reason to know that Mr. Sheil's speech in opposition to the Coercion Bill was the principal means of bringing about the English Members to oppose the measure.

The feelings of the crowd found vent in exclamations; such as "Will he get the Repeal Magistrates restored!" "Hurrah for Repeal! Sheil is no Repealer, and we must have one." "We will let Sheil in this time, but we must have a Repealer, the next; and if he is not one, we will put him out." "Three cheers for O'Connell and Repeal." At the close of the proceedings, Mr. Galway, a friend of Mr. Sheil, attributed his absence to the want of information as to the time when the election would take place, and to its having been fixed for an earlier day than he had reason to anticipate.

The Atlantic and Pacific Canal.—The engineers despatched by the French Government to take the requisite surveys for the projected canal across the Isthmus of Panama, which is to join the two oceans, are stated, in accounts from thence, to have successfully accomplished their mission. The preferable point for the end of the canal on the Pacific side was selected at Vaca de Monte, a few miles west of the city of Panama, in the village of the Caimito. On the Atlantic side, the Bay of Leon was fixed upon as affording superior convenience for shipping to the port of Chagres. The total construction of the canal was estimated at 125,000,000 francs, or say five millions sterling. The total length would be 76 1-2 kilometers. There would be the necessity for cutting an "immense of tunnel," which, for shipping, must form an important portion of the estimated expense. The depth of the canal was to be about seven yards, the width of the bottom twenty yards and on the surface forty-five.

Terrific Effect of a Water-spout: Forty-five Lives Lost.—Truro, July 10, 1846.—Yesterday at 3 P. M. a water-spout burst over a portion of the parish of Newlyn, about seven miles east of this place, filling the large lead mine East Wheel Rose, wherein about 200 people were at work, 45 of whom have been drowned, in the lower levels of the mine. So great was the fall of water that the people at the surface escaped with difficulty from being carried away thereby, whilst here not a drop fell during the day.

Turkey.—Letters from Constantinople of the 24 ult. mention that the Sultan had, on his return to that capital, appointed a Minister of Public Instruction, and earnestly recommended his ministers to propagate and encourage public instruction. Recghid Pasha was, it is stated, being overwhelmed with favours by his sovereign. An Armenian woman has married lately a Turk without being obliged to abjure her religion, and the marriage was declared to be legal, which is an unprecedented fact in Turkey.

PROMOTIONS AND EXCHANGES.

WAR OFFICE, July 7.—6th Drag. Grds.: Lieut. A. Blandy, from 16th Light Drags., to be Lieut. v. Mackinnon.—2d Drags.: Regimental Sergt.-Maj. W. Miller to be Adj. (with the rank of Cornet), v. Reid, prom.—13th Light Drags.: Lieut. R. H. J. Stewart, from 93d Ft., to be Lieut. v. Lloyd, who exch.—14th Light Drags.: Sergt.-Maj. J. Palmer to be Quarterm., v. Brodribb dec.—16th Light Drags.: Lieut. E. V. McKinnon, from 6th Drag. Grds., to be Lieut. v. Blandy, who exch.—Scots Fusilier Grds.: Ens. and Lieut. W. Y. Peel to be Lieut. and Capt. by pur. v. Lord Fitzgerald, who rets.; Ens. F. Fortescue, from 14th Ft., to be Ens. and Lieut. by pur. v. Peel.—4th Ft.: Ens. G. Leslie to be Lieut. by pur. v. O'Neill, who rets.; Ens. W. T. Little, from 59th Ft., to be Ens. v. Leslie.—10th Ft.: Assist.-Surg. D. Stewart, from 31st Ft., to be Assist.-Surg. v. Foss, who exch.—31st Ft.: Assist.-Surg. H. C. Foss, from 10th Ft., to be Assist.-Surg. v. Stewart, who exch.—40th Ft.: Surg. R. A. McMunn, M.D., from 79th Ft., to be Surg. v. M'Andrew, prom. on the Staff.—41st Ft.: Lieut. T. M'Leod Farmer to be Capt. by pur. v. Downes, who rets.; Ens. R. F. L. Jenner to be Lieut. by pur. v. Farmer; F. G. Williams, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Jenner.—45th Ft.: Ens. C. P. T. Stacey to be Lieut. by pur. v. Boys, who rets.; F. H. Suckling, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v.

v. Stacey; Paym. M. G. Taylor, from 78th Ft., to be Paym. v. Evans, who ex. 49th Ft.: Ens. J. H. King to be Lt. by pur. v. Ogilvy, who rets.; J. W. Dewar, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. King.—50th Ft.: Capt. G. M'Leod Tew to be Maj. without pur. v. Brevet Lt.-Col. Ryan, died of his wounds; Lt. H. W. Hough to be Capt. v. Tew; Ens. C. A. P. James to be Lt. v. Hough; Ens. W. Bellers, from the 54th Ft. to be Ens. v. James.—54th Ft.; Gent. Cadet J. F. Flannan, from the Royal Mil. Coll. to be Ens. without pur. v. Bellers, app. to the 50th Ft.—59th Ft.: C. D. Pedder, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Little, app. to the 4th Ft.—63d Ft.: G. F. Cameron, M. D., to be Assist.-Surg. v. Gray, dec. 70th Ft.: Lt. G. Reynolds to be Capt. without pur. v. Giveen, dec.; Ens. A. J. O. Rutherford, from the 93d Ft. to be Lt. v. Reynolds.—72d Ft.: Lt. G. R. Perceval to be Capt. by pur. v. Warren, who rets.; Ens. W. Bertram to be Lt. by pur. v. Perceval; A. Smith, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Bertram.—78th Ft.: Paymstr. E. Evans, from the 45th Ft. to be Paymstr. v. Taylor, who exch. 93d Ft.: Lt. J. J. Lloyd, from the 13th Light Drags. to be Lt. v. Stewart, who exch.; Gent. Cadet C. W. Goad, from the Royal Mil. Coll. to be Ens. without pur. v. Rutherford, promoted in the 70th Foot.—Rifle Brigade: W. B. Brewster, Gent. to be Sec. Lt. by pur. v. Boileau, whose app. has been cancelled. Chaplains.—The Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., Principal Chaplain to the Forces, to be Chaplain General to the Forces; the W. C. Green, M. A., to be Chaplain to the Forces, v. Curtois, who retires upon half-pay; the Rev. W. Hare, M.A., to be Chaplain to the Forces, v. Le Mesurier, who retires upon half-pay. Hospital Staff.—Surg. J. M'Andrew, M.D., from the 40th Ft. to be Staff-Surg. of the First Class, v. E. Pilkington, who retires upon half-pay. Brevet.—To be Majors in the Army—Capt. H. S. Rowan, of the Royal Artillery; Capt. C. Lewis, of the 80th Ft.; Capt. H. Matson, 58th Ft.; Capt. A. W. Reed, of the 99th Ft.; Capt. R. Denny, of the 58th Ft.; Capt. W. B. Marlow, of the Royal Engineers; Capt. W. B. Langford, of the Royal Marines; Capt. H. R. E. Wilmot, of the Royal Artillery. Memorandum.—The names of the gentleman appointed to an Ensigny in the 32d Ft. on the 12th June 1846, are Charles Fleming Stuart, not Stewart, as previously stated.

Erratum in the Gazette of the 26th June 1846.—28th Ft.—For Charles Edward Johns, Gent. to be Ensign without purchase, v. Hugonin, promoted, read Charles Edward Johns, Gent. to be Ensign by purchase, v. Hugonin, promoted. OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, July 3.—Royal Regt. of Artillery: Sec. Lieut. G. H. J. A. Fraser, to be First Lieut. v. Winterbottom, dec.; the date of promotion of Lieut. J. R. Lugg has been altered to 4th June 1846.

WAR OFFICE, July 10.—7th Drag. Grds.: Lieut. A. Knight to be Capt. without pur. v. Bambrick, killed in action. 11th Light Drags.: Lieut. T. H. Ward to be Capt. by pur. v. Bathurst, who rets.; Cornet W. G. B. Cresswell to be Lieut. by pur. v. Ward; A. Brisco, Gent. to be Cornet by pur. v. Cresswell. 1st Regt. Ft.: Ens. H. F. Bythessea, from the 11th Ft. to be Ens. without pur. v. Quinn, app. to the 98th Ft. 11th Ft.: R. L. Warren, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Bythessea, app. to the 1st Ft. 14th Ft.: W. H. Hawley, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Fortescue, app. to the Scots Fusilier Guards. 30th Ft.: Brevet Lieut.-Col. H. S. Ormond, to be Lieut.-Col. without pur. v. J. Singleton, who rets. upon f.p.; Brevet Maj. J. G. Geddes, to be Major v. Ormond; Lieut. A. J. H. Lumsden, to be Capt. v. Geddes; Ens. E. A. Whitmore to be Lieut. vice Lumsden; F. D'Arcy, Gent. to be Ensign, vice Whitmore. 36th Ft.: B. R. Shaw, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Ponsonby, app. to the 43d Fco. 40th Ft.—Capt. T. J. Valiant, to be Maj. by pur. vice Coddington, who rets.; Lt. T. L. K. Nelson, to be Capt. by pur. v. Valiant; Ens. F. M. Hockings to be Lt. by pur. v. Nelson; T. Wilson, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Hockings; Lt. A. A. Nelson to be Adj. v. T. L. K. Nelson, prom. 43d Ft.—Ens. A. E. V. Ponsonby, from the 36th Ft. to be Ens. v. Dwen, who rets. 45th Ft.—Lt. G. Burrell, from the 28th Ft. to be Lt. v. Cave, app. to the 54th Ft. 66th Ft. Lt. G. A. Taylor to be Capt. by pur. v. Dames, who rets.; Ens. M. F. Monckton to be Lt. by pur. v. Taylor; W. S. P. Serocold, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Monckton. 74th Ft.—Maj. J. Fordyce to be Lt.-Col. by pur. v. Crawley, who rets.; Capt. the Hon. T. O'Grady to be Maj. by pur. v. Fordyce; Lt. G. Monckland to be Capt. by pur. v. O'Grady; Ens. J. Napier to be Lt. by pur. v. Monckland; C. T. Seale, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Napier. 79th Ft.—Assistant-Surg. J. Grant, from the Staff, to be Surg. vice M'unn, appointed to the 40th Foot. 87th Foot.—Second-Lieut. J. Fitzgerald to be First Lt. by purchase, v. Doherty, who retires; H. Lloyd, Gent. to be Sec.-Lieut. by pur. v. Fitzgerald. 92d Ft.: Lt. A. W. Cameron to be Adj. v. Tattnall, promoted. 98th Ft.: To be Capt. by pur.: Lt. F. Grantham, v. Syngue, who ret.; Lt. C. Colby, v. Ilderton, who ret. To be Lts. without pur.: En. C. B. Browne, v. Grantham; En. J. Reardon, v. Colby. To be Ens. without pur.: En. P. E. Quin, from the 1st Ft., v. Browne. To be En. by pur.: W. W. Maddock, Gent. v. Reardon. Unattached.—To be Capt. without pur.: Lt. G. W. M. Lovett, from the 50th Foot; Lt. W. J. Yonge, from the 46th Ft. Hospital Staff—Assist. Surg. C. A. Gordon, M.D., from the 3d Ft. to be Staff Surg. of the Sec. Class; W. Singleton, M.D., to be Assist. Surg. to the Forces, v. J. Grant, promoted in the 40th Foot; A. J. Doice, M.D., to be Assistant Surgeon to the Forces. OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, July 8.—Royal Regiment of Artillery—Quartermaster-Sergt. C. Dunbar to be Quartermaster, v. Forbes, dec. Ordnance Medical Department—Temporary Assist. Surg. S. H. Fesson to be Assist. Surg. v. Farr prom.; R. Thornton, Gent. to be Assist.-Surgeon, v. Staunton, prom.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

THE UNION CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA vs. ST. GEORGE'S, OF NEW YORK.

According to notice, this long looked for match was commenced, on Monday morning, on the beautiful ground of the St. George's Cricket Club, opposite Hell Gate, on this Island. The day was superb, throughout, and could not have been better for the game. The attendance of spectators was large; while the clubs were almost *en masse*, upon the ground. The play was interesting, in many points, as the score and the brief account we give, may convince the reader.

It was a match between the second eleven of the respective clubs; the "Union," of Philadelphia, and the "St. George's" of this city. It was not played out on the first day, the second innings of the first side in, not being complete, at sunset call, when, by the rules of Cricket, there can be no further play. It was continued yesterday; but, as was gathered from the state of the score, at parting, Monday evening, with much less interest than it had created up to that time. The fact is, the "St. George's" found they had caught a Tartar, in a new man, [Dawson], of whom they had never before heard, and whom their Philadelphia friends had brought on, as one of their "second eleven." We doubt they will never attempt to pass him off again, under the denomination. Had the force brought on been anywhere near the well understood average of the Union Club's strength the play would have been far more equal, and the result much more doubtful, at

that period of the game, than it was. The bowler was changed towards the close of Dawson's remarkable innings, and Mr. Samuel Nichols succeeded, in but two overs, like another David, in bringing down the new Goliath of Gath.—What a pity he did not come to the rescue earlier!

ST. GEORGE'S, NEW YORK.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Green, b. Facon.....	2	b. Facon.....	11
Bage, run out.....	5	b. Antill.....	9
Garvin, b. Facon.....	0	b. Antill.....	3
F. Tinson, b. Antill.....	0	b. Antill.....	4
Vinten, b. Antill.....	3	c. Blackburn, b. Facon...	0
Eyre, c. Richardson, b. Facon....	2	b. Facon.....	5
Mason, c. Hawthorne, b. J. Nichols	15	run out.....	6
Edwards, c. and b. J. Nichols....	10	leg before wicket.....	11
Wild, not out.....	7	b. Facon.....	1
S. Nichols, hit wicket.....	0	c. and b. Facon.....	0
A. Waller, c. Dawson, b. J. Nichols	0	not out.....	0
Byes.....	4	1
No balls.....	3	0
Total.....	51	51

UNION, PHILADELPHIA.

FIRST INNINGS.	
Blackburn, c. Edwards, b. Green.....	12
Moon, b. Edwards.....	0
Facon, b. Edwards.....	2
Dawson, b. S. Nichols.....	70
Fell, b. Edwards.....	8
Malatrot, c. F. Tinson, b. Edwards	3
Antill, c. Bage, b. S. Nichols.....	2
Sutcliffe, c. F. Tinson, b. Mason.....	20
J. Nichols, b. Edwards.....	1
Richardson, c. Green, b. Edwards.....	1
Hawthorne, not out.....	0
Byes.....	9
No balls.....	3
Wide balls.....	6
Total.....	137

New York Express.

Artillery Practice at Jellalabad.—The whole country within long range of the walls had been carefully measured by the Artillery officers, and certain marks set up by which the distance could be accurately calculated; and the consequence was, that every shot thrown where a group of Afghans presented themselves told: indeed, to such perfection was the gunnery of the place carried, that a man and horse at eight hundred or a thousand yards distance ran extreme risk of being cut down by a round shot; and on one occasion, at least, Captain Backhouse struck down a cavalier who could not have approached within a mile of the fort.—*Sale's Brigade in Afghanistan.*

Ladies' Shoes.—If shoes were constructed of the shape of the human foot, neither too large nor too small, and making an equal pressure every where, corns and bunions of the feet would never exist. But, unfortunately, shoes are seldom made after this fashion; and in ladies' shoes especially, there are generally two signal defects—first, the extremity of the shoe is much too narrow for that part of the foot (namely, the toes) which it is to contain; and, secondly, for displaying as much of the foot as possible, the whole of the tarsus and metatarsus is left uncovered, and the pressure of the shoe in front is thrown entirely upon the toes. The toes are thus first squeezed against each other, and then pushed out of their natural position; and all the projecting points, chiefly where the joints are situated, are pinched and tormented, either by the neighboring toes, or by the leather of the shoe; and thus it is that corns of the feet are generated.—*Sir Benjamin Brodie.*

Travellers' Wonders!—The Boston Post says the following extract of a letter from a sea captain to his lady in that city, shows the wonderful certainty and celerity with which a person may travel from one point of the globe almost to its antipodes.

CANTON, April 1, 1846.

Dearest Rib—Having scraped together enough of this world's goods to render us economically comfortable and independent during the rest of our lives, I shall resign the command of the clipper *Swordfish*, and will leave her on the 1st of May. I shall arrive in London on the 20th June; spend ten days there in arranging my business and viewing the principal objects of interest, and will then proceed to Liverpool. I shall leave that port on the glorious fourth, in the *Cambria* steamer, and will arrive at East Boston on the afternoon of the 17. You will, therefore, have a carriage ready for me on that day, and by the way, don't forget to have some boiled salmon, green peas and new potatoes on the table for dinner, at 5 P. M. precisely.

But the finale is to be told. The captain did arrive there on the very day he calculated, and had the pleasure of dining on fresh salmon, with suitable fixings, precisely at 5. A century ago the captain would have been indicted for a wizard.

Hats off, Gentlemen!—We learn that while a party on board a fishing yacht were enjoying an excursion in the harbor on Saturday a gust of wind struck the vessel, and in an instant eighteen—hats were hurled from their owners heads far away into the water. When last seen they were bobbing merrily about, as if rejoicing in the perplexity they had caused.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 7 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1846.

The *Hibernia* Mail Steamer arrived at Boston on Monday last. She brought our regular files to the 19th ult. There is no news of any great importance, unless the exchange of ratifications of the Oregon Treaty, and the declaration of Lord John Russell as to his policy, can be called such.

Large quantities of American flour had been taken out of warehouse, and despatched into the interior to the manufacturing towns, where it was sold at a very reasonable rate. Rejoicings all over the country were taking place, on the Corn Bill becoming a law. Business was good, and the crops promised to be abundant.

On the 16th, under the urgency of Mr. Duncombe, Lord John Russell made a statement of the policy the Ministry would act on generally. The Spectator thus speaks of Lord John's expositions:—

"It is singularly plain, frank, and earnest; the bulk of it seems in no way designed 'for effect,' but just intended to express the actual state of facts. In sum it amounts to this. The present Ministers, as far as they find it practicable, adopt the bills left unfinished by their predecessors. Some, or parts of some, being of a very debateable kind, they relinquished for the present, reserving them for further consideration; the rest, relieved from the disputable parts, are likely to pass with all the greater ease. As to the composition of the Ministry, Lord John did his best to make it include men who would bring to it the widest range of support; but he thought it impracticable to compose a Cabinet united in opinion on every point that might come before Parliament. His colleagues are agreed on some matters, which they are prepared to act upon at once. The furtherance of Free-trade principles is among the number. Others, on which there is no urgent public interest at present, remain open questions. Of this kind are the Irish Church and Short Time, on which Lord John and his colleagues severally entertain conflicting opinions, and will vote according to their individual sentiments. The whole of his statement was eminently practical, and to the purpose; and it was remarked in the House that he had 'borrowed a leaf out of Sir Robert Peel's book'—treating things as they are, and not as he would have them, or would have them look."

This is all very well, but we cannot shut out the fact, that it is a weak Ministry. The Radicals show strong symptoms of deserting their old friends, and there seems to be no doubt that the moment Sir R. Peel considers it advisable, he may at once again walk into power; in fact even now the ministry may be said to exist only on the sufferance of Sir Robert.

It is impossible yet to tell what new formations of party may take place—but this we do know, that it is not likely that four distinct and separate parties can long exist in the House of Commons. It is probable there will be some fusion between the Conservative Whigs and the Peelites. Till some such movement takes place it is probable Lord John will retain power, for the simple reason that no person can be found who will take it out of his hands.

No speech from the mouth of any political and legislative leader in modern times has more generally received the tributes of admiration and respect than the memorable one of Sir Robert Peel at the recent close of his ministerial career. And this is true not only of stations and classes, but even of persons—more particularly of this country—whose notions on similar subjects as publicly expressed, are complete antagonist to his; so apt indeed is the old saying that "Truth is great and will prevail." But, now that one has had time to peruse the speech more deliberately, it is impossible to avoid smiling as we fancy we discover a *little* of the old leaven of the practical politician, a taste—or, as refined cooks would say, a *sensibility* of the malign, with which the giver-up of power casts a glance at his successor. The glance was with each eye separately, and the lightning shot from each, though perhaps not of actually withering effects, was such as to be felt in the inmost spirit of the object aimed at.

Sir Robert, well experienced in acquiring for himself the honour of establishing what others, opposed to him in politics, had originated, had no idea of seeing his own principle carried out to his prejudice and to the honour of his political antagonists. He was well aware that the carrying out of the Corn-Law Repeal, and the Customs Duties Bills would be intended for political capital by the Whigs, without whose aid all his energies in favour of these two measures would have been unavailing, unless, in election. But they had both formed parts of the Whig policy, and could not now be repudiated by the Whigs, and Sir Robert happily perceived that he could add them, and the Radical leaders to his own friends on the question, and thus, once more he carried into effect what they could not and the protectionists would not. He therefore in a masterly manner (there are occasionally bunglers in the trade) makes "Every tub to stand on its own bottom,"—thus

"The love of power," says Sir Robert Peel, "was not a motive for the proposal of those measures; for I had not a doubt that whether successful or not, the almost certain issue would be the termination of the existence of this government. * * * I therefore do not complain of it. * * * I said before, and I said truly, that in proposing these measures I had no wish to rob others of the credit justly due to them. Now I must say, with reference to the honourable gentlemen opposite, as I say with reference to ourselves, neither of us is the party justly entitled to the credit of them. There has been a combination of parties, and that combination and the influence of government, have led to their ultimate success. The name which ought to be, and will be, associated with the success of those measures, is the name of a man who, acting, I believe, from pure and disinterested motives, has, with untiring energy, by appeals to reason, enforced their necessity with an eloquence the more to be admired because it was unaffected and unadorned—the name, which ought to be associated with the success of these measures is that of RICHARD COBDEN!"

The retiring minister thus divesting himself of the mantle of honour formed of so magnificent a fabric, takes special care that no one but the right owner shall wear it.

Again, Sir Robert Peel is aware that with his successors as with himself, the greatest difficulty in the Ministerial career will be Ireland, and his advice on that subject, to which we formerly alluded, has not only sagacity and truth for its basis, but also a touch—a sentiment—of the political Parthian, who wounds as he flies—for its superstructure. If they follow the advice, *it was his*; if they do not follow it he can reproach them with it.

Lord Palmerston, notwithstanding he has been so frequently called by the Obstructionists as Lord *Protocol*, and has been dreaded by his own party as of too waspish a spirit, is once more Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He must certainly have a special call to that department of public service; he has held the office time and again, no one more worthily, and on the return to power he resumes it as matter of course. In his speech in reply to Sir Robert's valedictory he speaks of hopes perhaps founded on some expectations, that Mr. Cobden will

take office in the new Administration, but that we think is more than doubtful, at least for some time to come. In the first place Mr. Cobden, as well as the late Premier, has had a heavy wear and tear of both mind and physique to endure. No one needs repose after anxiety and mental excitement more than he, and, besides the partial exhaustion of his mental energies, it is to be supposed that his fortunes may have somewhat suffered in the cause; as it is well known that he spared not his purse any more than his personal exertions, in the important pursuit before him. The public testimonial to him will doubtless be worthy of his country, but it will not be anything, we opine, that he will condescend to use personally, and we should not be surprised to find him going back to Commerce, of which he is both the ornament and benefactor, and recruiting both his health and his wealth by the avocations to which he has been familiarised, but not forgetting to cast an eye towards the maintenance of the Free Trade which he has done so much to establish in his own country, and to exemplify to others in the civilized world.

The passage of the new Tariff Bill in Congress, so very shortly after a similar proceeding in the Imperial Parliament would seem to argue that the same spirit pervades both legislatures. In the New England States, however, the visages are greatly elongated, and the spirits greatly depressed, the people imagine it is the signal of ruin to the manufacturing States, they denounce the majority, they cry "woe" to the country, of which they prognosticate—not the downfall, because they justly believe in the vigour of the people, but—the depression of native manufactures, and the increase of the public debt at the very time when the country is engaged in an expensive war. Many indeed object more to the juncture of time in which the measure is brought into operation, than to the principle itself; and some of the more cautious say, "why push the matter forward so urgently at the present session when we might prudently wait a year and observe the workings of a similar cause already resolved on by the British Government?" But we venture to disagree from the opinions of the industrious New Englanders; they will by no means suffer to the extent of their fears; so great are the resources of their skill, industry, perseverance, and mechanical contrivance, so well are they provided with raw material, and so devoted are they to the good cause of wrestling with the anticipated evil, that we should not be surprised if, hereafter they bless the day which so greatly unfettered the great curose of commerce, discovering to themselves energies and resources of which they were not previously aware, and enabling them to supply at least their own consumption without "the ill-paid, pauper labor of England" of which they are but too apt to speak disdainfully.

Get these very New England citizens who thus deprecate the evils which they believe are about to ensue, are loud and enthusiastic in praise of Sir Robert Peel and the measures just enforced by him. What a strange, though not unusual anomaly.

RAMBLES IN VERMONT.—No. II.

We brought our readers to Bennington, as to a place of departure, in our last, being the nearest town at the southwest extremity of the State of Vermont. Bennington Centre, which is the original, although there are two others in the Township (indeed there are six villages in all), appears to the stranger as he is entering it, as situated in a valley at the bottom of a gentle declivity, whereas on a second view it is found to be on a table land, and far below is seen the busy village of East Bennington, a much improved situation in point of manufacturing advantages, the latter being in fact completely at the bottom of the descent and enjoying all the benefits of extensive water privileges, defence from the storms of winter, and continual healthy breezes blowing chiefly up or down the valley between the two chains of mountains running north and south.

This Bennington East is really a busy place as well as a pretty one; here are extensive tanneries; a manufactory of bricks of a very valuable kind, being calcinated for ovens and other places which are exposed to a high temperature of heat; Iron works on a large scale, where at least 200 hands have full employment, and where their blast furnaces are kept continually going; and recently two large cotton mills have been established, giving large occupation to both sexes.

Bennington Centre, however, though by no means the largest or the most important in a commercial view of the case, is the principal of the six villages in the township, and, to the stranger in search of the picturesque as well as to the reflecting inquirer will be found the most interesting; in it are found the principal professional society, where education, refinement, hospitality, and copious information, more especially prevail. The stranger feels as inspiring a purer air, and his ideas become as it were exalted. He seeks for sublime objects in the externals around him, and he finds them. Splendid prospects exhibiting changes at every few yards meet the eye. (But this indeed is the character of every place through which he passes, from Bennington to Burlington, and from Burlington to Montpelier.) Among the curiosities here to be found, are a remarkable cave some half way up the Mount Anthony, consisting of a variety of rooms or apartments connected by passages, all of natural formation; in some of these there are stalactites encrusting the sides and suspended from the roof, all of much natural beauty. The Mount is a conical one of considerable elevation, and affording a splendid panoramic view from the top. Abundance of fish, chiefly trout, are found in the streams in the valley, and the pleasant walks in every direction are innumerable. From hence to Brattleborough the traveller until recently had to go over the Green Mountains, but now a road is made through one of the gorges, a little increasing the length of the road but greatly diminishing the fatigues.

In this township there are produced large quantities of Yellow Ochre, and of Manganese, the latter, being generally a neighbour of Iron, will be understood to be found also in the other parts of the State where Iron is produced. Ben-

nington North, Hindillville, Irish Corner, and Walbridgeville, all of which are included in the general township of Bennington, we did not see, but are informed that they possess valuable factories of the following kinds, viz; for making Carpenters' Steel Squares, and for cotton spinning and weaving, and for manufacturing paper.

It may here be the proper place to state that the rich and fertile valley, commencing at nearly the northern extremity of Massachusetts, and terminating at or near the extensive village of Brandon in the county of Rutland in this State, and which may well be termed the Arcadia of the New World, is sheltered by two ranges of mountains, whose natural treasures are quite distinct from each other, except the everlasting forests which are common to both. The range on the western side, which is frequently broken and allowing valleys between, that open to the west and northwest, contains marble of different qualities but abundant in quantity, for which of late years there has been considerable demand, and continual shipments are made, by way of Troy, to supply this city, many places in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and even the Far West, by way of the Lakes. This range of Marble commences at the southern end of the mountains, in Massachusetts, and is to be found continuously from thence to beyond Middlebury, say, in round numbers, about one hundred miles. It is of various qualities, and differing both in colour and density, some specimens being mottled, others of a very pure white, all somewhat too much in lamina to be used in large sculpture, yet much with both purity and thickness which could be used for busts or for designs in basso relievo. We have seen many blocks of about seven or eight feet in length, by three or four feet width, and two or three in thickness; but the mode of quarrying is not either careful or skilful, much being cast down the sides of the mountain hap-hazard, and broken into irregular lumps, which, if duly attended to, might be valuable and useful. At present the masses are generally sawed into slabs of about two inches thick, or thinner when there are orders for it. The slabs of the mottled and more common are sold at about 16 cents per square foot, those of the white at from 75 cents to a dollar; the whitest, however, though beautiful, is too coarse in the grain for the sculptor's use in statuary; although it is greatly used for monumental purposes in grave yards.

So much for the western range. The eastern, throughout the entire state abounds with all the mineral products such as Iron, Manganese, Yellow Ochre. Here too the stone is chiefly the grey Wacke and, towards the North East, granite, the tendency of the last being eastward where it abounds so greatly among the White Mountains as to have given to the neighbouring state of New Hampshire the appropriate sobriquet of "The Granite State." Furthermore, and to conclude on this head, it appears however high the western range may be cleared of forest there is abundant good soil and fine crops are produced up to the very ridge of the hills, whilst on the eastern it is nearly bare at a small elevation above the valley, although the evergreen fir is constantly flourishing up to their summits. But let us get quietly down that long and exceedingly steep hill with which we commence our journey from Bennington towards the north.

Good readers we pray you to recollect that we are travelling in a State, in which although manufacturing is practised and followed, the essential occupation is agriculture and whatever pertains thereto; that there are in the State about 609 square miles only of area, and averaging only about 35 persons per square mile, consequently 320,000 souls of population, spread about as rural districts usually are, and that there is hardly any excessive wealth in any man's hands here, yet with hardly one solitary instance of abject poverty. The consequence is that the roads from place to place are neither smooth nor so level as a bowling green, nor are the public means of conveyance of every hour's occurrence to travellers. We confess that a person making the best of his way from Troy to Bennington, by the route we travelled, might proceed by stage from the former place at 8 A. M. through Bennington, Shaftsbury, Arlington, Manchester, Dorset, Danby, Wallington and Clarendon to Rutland, nearly 80 miles, arriving at the last mentioned beautiful village at a time varying from midnight to four hours later, thus averaging from 4 to 5 miles per hour, time for meals included. He would have a few hours repose at Rutland until 8 in the morning, and then, again proceeding, he would pass through Pittsford, Brandon, Leicester, Salisbury, Middlebury, Vergennes (city), Ferrisburg, and Shelburn, to Burlington, a distance of 64 miles, arriving at the last named busy and elegant place at from 7 to 10 in the evening, averaging from 5 1-2 to 6 miles per hour, completing the journey of 154 miles in two days. Not so if the traveller have occasion to stop at every place between Bennington and Rutland for however short a space exceeding half an hour, for the stage goes on without him, and as between these two places the stage runs only alternate days, he may be a week in going from the one to the other.

But recollect dear readers, that at the very outset we advised all travellers, who could afford it to come in their own or a hired vehicle; and it was for the above special reason we did so. By this means all difficulties vanish, for the roads though not level are not steep, though not smooth they are very tolerable, your party and thin baggage are not to be put in comparison with a public stage in and about which are riding a dozen or sixteen persons, each with an average weight of baggage of two hundred pounds. You may travel at any rate (in reason) that may suit you, stop where you please, go on when you please, enjoy the pure air and the delightful scenery at your leisure, deviate where it suits your inclination or curiosity, and, at any place where you are tempted to remain a day or two, the gentlemen may go forth and bring in abundance of trout or of game, and the ladies may promenade in search of the picturesque.

After a pleasant drive of some five hours we arrive at Manchester, and as this village deserves some attention, we shall stop and examine it. For the present, then, adieu.

Literary Notices.

Virtue's Illustrated Family Bible.—No. 28.—Geo. Virtue, 26 John Street. This number proceeds as far as I. Samuel. We have heretofore spoken in high terms of praise of this issue, both as to the letter-press and the fine illustrations, but we are afraid we have not said half as much in its favour as it deserved. The present number is illustrated with an exceedingly fine line engraving of "Madonna and Child," after Raffaele. Looking at the work, so far as it has yet proceeded, it bids fair to be unquestionably the finest edition of the Holy Scriptures yet put forth on this side of the Atlantic, and we question much if there is anything superior in Europe.

The Modern British Plutarch.—Harpers.—We like this work, both in its plan and execution. It consists of sketches of the lives of the most distinguished men in the recent history of England, executed in a pleasing style, in the spirit of candour, and apparently without the least partisanship. It is chiefly fitted for the young, and will undoubtedly meet with an extensive sale. The author is the Rev. Dr. W. C. Taylor, of Trinity College, Dublin, who has heretofore been favorably before the reading public.

Last week we inadvertently omitted to notice the August number of the *Illustrated Magazine*—it is quite up to its usual mark, and is published by Wm. Taylor & Co., 2 Astor House.

JUST ISSUED,

PART XXVIII. OF

VIRTUE'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE,

CONTAINING an Engraving of Raffaele d'Urbino's celebrated painting, the MADONNA and CHILD. Published by GEO. VIRTUE, Aug. 8-11. p. late R. Martin & Co., 26 John Street.

GRAND EXCURSION AND COTILLION PARTY, TO CALDWELL'S LANDING.

A Grand Excursion and Cotillion Party to Caldwell's Landing, on board the large and commodious steamboat Delaware and a splendid Barge, [George Olney, commander,] for the Benefit of the WIDOWS AND ORPHANS FUND of Columbia Lodge, No. 16, U. A. O. D., will take place on Tuesday, August 11, 1846. Should the weather prove unfavorable the excursion will take place the next fair day.

TICKETS ONE DOLLAR! admitting a Gentleman and two Ladies—extra Lady's Ticket Fifty Cents.

Kendall's Celebrated New York Brass Band and Wallace's Cotillion Band will accompany the Excursion; and the dancing will be conducted by Mr John Parker, who has kindly volunteered for this occasion.

The Refreshments will be furnished by W. DILLON, of the Rainbow, Howard Street, and W. ROWE, the celebrated Caterer, 507½ Broadway; a sufficient guarantee that things will be done to the satisfaction of all.

Will leave the following places precisely as stated: Delancy St., 7½ o'clock, A. M., Catherine St., at 8 o'clock; Pier No. 1 North River, at 8½ o'clock; Warren St., at 9 o'clock; Canal St., at 9½ o'clock; Hammond St., at 10 o'clock; 19th St., at 10½ o'clock. Returning will positively leave the parties at the above places. The members of the Order and the public in general are respectfully invited.

— Tickets may be obtained at the office of the "Spirit of the Times," or on board of the boat on the morning of the Excursion. [Aug. 1.]

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE,

ALBANY, July 24, 1846.

TO THE SHERIFF of the city and county of New York: Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit, A Governor and Lieut. Governor of this State. Two Canal Commissioners to supply the places of Jonas Earl, Jr., and Stephen Clark, whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. A Senator, for the First Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of John A. Lott, on the last day of December next. A Representative in the 30th Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional District consisting of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th wards of the city of New York. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth Congressional District, consisting of the 6th, 7th, 10th and 13th wards of said city. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth Congressional District, consisting of the 8th, 9th and 14th wards of said city. And also a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional District, consisting of the 11th, 12th, 16th, 17th and 18th wards of said city.

Also, the following officers for the said county, to wit: 16 Members of Assembly, a Sheriff in the place of William Jones, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. A County Clerk in the place of James Conner, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next, and a Coroner in the place of Edmund G. Rawson, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours, respectfully, N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State

Sheriff's Office, New York, August 3, 1846.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided for. WM. JONES, Sheriff of the City and county of New York.

— All the public newspapers in the County will publish the above once in a week until election, and then hand in their bill for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. vi., title 3d, article 3d, part 1st, page 140.

Aug. 8.—3 m.

ROMAN EYE BALSAM.
FOR WEAK AND INFLAMED EYES.

THIS BALSAM is a prescription of one of the most celebrated Oculists—has been a long time in use, and is confidently recommended to the Public as the best and most successful Salve ever used for inflammatory diseases of the Eye. In cases where the eyelids are inflamed, or the ball of the Eye thickly covered with blood, it acts almost like magic, and removes all appearance of disease after two or three applications.

In dimness of sight caused by fixed attention to minute objects, or by long exposure to a strong light, and in the weakness or partial loss of sight from sickness or old age, it is a sure restorer, and should be used by all who find their eye-sight failing without any apparent disease. This Balsam has restored sight in many instances where almost total blindness, caused by excessive inflammation, has existed for eight years. Inflammation, and soreness caused by blows, contusions, or wounds on the Eye, or by extraneous bodies of an irritating nature introduced under the eyelids, is very soon removed by the application of the Balsam. One trial will convince the most incredulous of its astonishing efficacy. Put up in jars with full directions for use. Price 25 cents.

Prepared and Sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Druggist and Chemist, 273 Broadway, cor. of Chamber Street,—Granite Buildings—(successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) Sold also by all respectable Druggists in the United States. Aug. 1-3t.

CLOVE ANODYNE TOOTH-ACHE DROPS.
THE GREAT CURE.

NO pain is comparable to that of the Tooth-ache. All the body may be in health; but this trivial thing, comparatively speaking, excites in a little while the whole frame to anguish. The great question then arises how to relieve it, and in as speedy a manner as possible. The comfort that should be sought for is the CLOVE ANODYNE TOOTH-ACHE DROPS, a remedy that, while it removes the pain, preserves the teeth, and thus blesses as well as benefits. These drops have been extensively used, and thousands will bear grateful testimony to their value as a speedy and permanent cure for the Tooth-ache. Those subject to this horrible pain, should remember that the CLOVE ANODYNE will certainly cure it in one minute, when applied to the affected nerve.

Prepared and Sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Druggist and Chemist, 273 Broadway corner Chamber Street,—Granite Buildings—(successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) Sold also by all respectable Druggists in the United States. Price 25 cents. Aug. 1-3t.

DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Security to the Patrons of Brandreth's Pills.

NEW LABELS.

— The New Labels on a Single Box of the Genuine Brandreth's Pills, contain 5063 LETTERS!!!

BRANDRETH'S PILLS RELIABLE. Let no one suppose that the Brandreth's Pills are not always the same. They are. They can never be otherwise. The principles upon which they are made are so unerring, that a million pounds could be made per day without the most remote possibility of a mistake occurring. Get the genuine, that is all, and the medicine will give you full satisfaction.

When the blood is in an unsound condition, it is as ready for infection, as land ploughed and harrowed to receive the allotted grain. Those who are wise, will therefore commence the purification of their blood without delay; and those who are already attacked with sickness should do the same.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will ensure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth's Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life; they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth Pills are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this, it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies through their confinement. Dr. Brandreth can refer to many of our first physicians who recommend his Pills to their patients, to the exclusion of all other purgatives, and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humors of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

PURIFICATION.

It is a settled creed in all correct medical jurisprudence, that unless the blood is kept free from impurities, the whole system must inevitably become diseased. When the blood becomes clogged, thick, and moves through the veins and arteries with a sluggish motion, we may rest assured that sickness, with its concomitant train of evils, is about to ensue. The utmost care and greatest precaution are therefore necessary, and the system should be closely watched. Those who generally provide themselves with mild and aperient physic, should give a preference to such as are of a strictly vegetable nature. Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills appear to be the universal favorite, as they are composed entirely of Vegetables and co-operate so effectually—cleansing the system—purifying the blood and removing all undue biliary secretions.

Remember, Druggists are NOT permitted to sell my Pills—if you purchase of them you will obtain a counterfeit.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.
Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 241 Broadway; also, at 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson Street, New York; Mrs. Booth's, No. 5 Market Street, Brooklyn.

PURE BEAR'S OIL.

THE ONLY BEAUTIFIER AND PRESERVER OF THE HAIR.

THE oldest writers on the subject of the Hair have one and all alluded to the properties contained in genuine BEAR'S GREASE, as a preservative and beautifier of "Nature's covering for the head." Hippocrates, the most ancient medical writer upon this subject, says in his "Treatise on the Parts of the Human Body," "that the fat of the URSUS (Bear) is very nutritive in starting and preserving the roots of the hair of adults, when premature baldness occurs. The inner membranes of the flesh of the Bear nearest the skin, are covered with a shining fat which forms the source from whence spring and originate the roots of the hair that covers them so profusely. This is a law of Nature, and it follows that the oil produced from the fat of this animal, is very useful to the human race, in leading to the recovery of the hair when prematurely lost."

Surely no greater proof can be adduced as to the value of genuine Bear's Oil for the hair. For years, the pure article has been considered by the most eminent Physicians the best remedy for dandruff, falling off or weakness of the hair, and all complaints connected therewith. Great care should be taken in all cases as to the genuineness and purity of the Oil. The real article carefully purified and highly perfumed, for sale by HENRY JOHNSON, Druggist and Chemist, 273 Broadway, cor. Chamber Street,—Granite Buildings—(successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) Sold also by all respectable Druggists in the U. States. Price 50 cents for large, and 25 cents for small bottles. Aug. 1-3t.

MANSION HOUSE, NATCHEZ.

JOHN McDONNELL, (Late of City Hotel), PROPRIETOR.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the travelling public, and the public generally, that he has removed from the City Hotel, which house he has conducted for the last five years, and continues his business at the well known MANSION HOUSE, which will be entirely refitted and put in the best possible order.

By close attention to the comfort of his guests, he hopes to ensure a continuation of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon him. JOHN McDONNELL.
Natchez, March 19, 1846. Aug. 1-6mp.

THE PLUMBE
NATIONAL DAGUERRIAN GALLERY.

251 BROADWAY, UPPER COR. MURRAY ST.

Instituted in 1840.

TWO PATENTS GRANTED UNDER GREAT SEAL OF THE U. S.

AWARDED THE GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS, AND TWO HIGHEST HONORS, at the NATIONAL, the MASSACHUSETTS, the NEW YORK, and the PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITIONS, respectively, for the MOST SPLENDID COLOURED DAGUERREOTYPES, AND BEST APPARATUS

Portraits taken in any weather in exquisite style.
Apparatus and Stock, wholesale and retail.
Instruction given in the Art. Jly. 25-tf.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

No. 26 Cornhill, London.

CAPITAL £500,000, OR, \$2,500,000.

Empowered by Act of Parliament.

THIS Institution embraces important and substantial advantages with respect to Life Assurance and deferred annuities. The assured has, on all occasions, the power to borrow, without expense or forfeiture of the policy, two-thirds of the premiums paid (see table); also the option of selecting benefits, and the conversion of his interests to meet other conveniences or necessity.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.

The remarkable success and increasing prosperity of the Society has enabled the Directors, at the last annual investigation, to declare a fourth bonus, varying from 35 to 85 per cent on the premiums paid on each policy effected on the profit scale.

EXAMPLES.

Age.	Sum.	Premium.	Year.	Bonus added.	Bonus in cash.	Permanent reduction of premium.	Sum ass'd may borrow on the policy.
	\$	\$		\$	\$		\$
			1837	1088 76	500 24	80 38	2225
			1838	960 76	435 53	67 53	1957
60	5000	370 80	1839	828 00	370 45	55 76	1750
			1840	851 85	270 20	39 70	1483
			1841	855 56	347 00	37 54	1336

The division of profits is annual, and the next will be made in December of the present year.

UNITED STATES AGENCY.

For list of local directors, medical officers, tables of rates, and report of last annual meeting, (15th of May, 1846,) see the Society's pamphlet, to be obtained at their office, 74 Wall street, New York.

JACOB HARVEY, Chairman of Local Board.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent, June 22d, 1846.

PIANO FORTES.

PURCHASERS are invited to call at CHAMBER'S Ware-Rooms, No. 385 BROADWAY for a superior and warranted article. Apl

STEAM BETWEEN NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

The Great Western Steam Ship Co.'s steam ship the GREAT WESTERN, 1,700 tons, 450 horse power, B. R. Matthews, Esq., Commander; the GREAT BRITAIN, 3,000 tons, 1000 horse power, Lieut. James Hosken, R. N. Commander, are intended to sail as follows:

GREAT WESTERN.						
From Liverpool.			From New York.			
Saturday	-	-	11th April.	Thursday	-	7th May.
Saturday	-	-	30th May.	Thursday	-	25th June.
Saturday	-	-	25th July.	Thursday	-	20th Aug.
Saturday	-	-	12th Sept.	Thursday	-	8th Oct.
Saturday	-	-	31st Oct.	Thursday	-	26th Nov.
GREAT BRITAIN						
From Liverpool.			From New York.			
Saturday	-	-	9th May.	Saturday	-	6th June.
Tuesday	-	-	7th July.	Saturday	-	1st Aug.
Wednesday	-	-	26th Aug.	Tuesday	-	22d Sept.
Tuesday	-	-	20th Oct.	Tuesday	-	17th Nov.

Fare to Liverpool per Great Western, \$100, and \$6 Steward's fee.
 Fare per Great Britain, according to the size and position of the state-rooms, plans of which
 may be seen at any of the Agencies.
 For freight or passage or any other information, apply in New York to
 New York, 27th February, 1846. RICHARD IRVIN, 93 Front st.

Fare to Liverpool per Great Western, \$100, and \$5 Steward's fee.

Fare per Great Britain, according to the size and position of the state-rooms, plans of which may be seen at any of the Agents.

For freight or passage or any other information, apply in New York to

New York, 27th February, 1846. RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front st.

TO BOSTON, via NEWPORT & PROVIDENCE DIRECT.

The well-known and popular steamers MASSACHUSETTS and RHODE ISLAND, of 1000 tons each, built expressly for Long Island Sound, and by their construction, great strength, and powerful engines, are especially adapted to its navigation, now leave each place regularly every afternoon except Sunday.

Passengers from Boston in the Mail Train take the steamer at Providence about 6 o'clock, P. M., and arrive in New York early the following morning. Those from New York leave Pier No. 1, Battery Place, at 5 P. M., reach Providence also early the next morning, and proceed in the Morning Train for Boston, after a comfortable night's rest on board the Steamer, (in private state rooms if desired), without either of Ferry or of being disturbed at Midnight to change from Boats to Cars, an annoyance so much complained of, especially by Ladies and Families travelling in other lines between New York and Boston.

The RHODE ISLAND, Capt. Winchester, leaves New York on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

The MASSACHUSETTS, Capt. Potter, leaves New York on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

The Boats, going and returning, will land at Newport, and this is now found to be the cheapest, most convenient, and expeditious route for Fall River, Taunton, and New Bedford passengers.

For Passage, Berths, State Rooms, or Freight, application may be made in Boston, at Redding & Co., No. 8 State Street, and at the Depot of the Boston and Providence Railroad. In Providence, to the Agent at the Depot at India Point, and in New York of the Agents on the Wharf, and at the Office of the Company, No. 10 Battery Place. Jly 4-6m.

J. T. WILLISTON,

DEALER IN WATCHES, (wholesale and retail),

No. 1 Cortlandt-st., (UP STAIRS), Cor. Broadway, New York.

ALL Watches sold at this establishment, warranted to perform well, or the money refunded.

Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner at the lowest prices.

Trade work promptly done on reasonable terms. J. T. WILLISTON,

Nov. 8-ly. No. 1 Cortlandt-st., Up Stairs.

LAP-WELDED

BOILER FLUES,

16 FEET LONG, AND FROM 1 1-2 INCHES TO 5 INCHES DIAMETER,

Can be obtained only of the Patentee,

THOS. PROSSER,

28 Platt Street, N.Y.

DR. POWELL, M.D.

OCULIST AND OPERATIVE SURGEON, 261 BROADWAY, cor. Warren-Street.

ATTENDS TO DISEASES OF THE EYE, and to operations upon that organ from 9 to 4 P. M.

His method of treating AMAUROSIS has been highly successful. This affection is frequently far advanced before the suspicions of the patient are aroused, the disease often arising without any apparent cause, and the eye exhibiting very little morbid change. The more prominent symptoms are gradual obscurity and impairment of vision, objects at first looking misty or confused—in reading, the letters are not distinctly defined, but run into each other—vision becomes more and more indistinct; sometimes only portions of objects being visible, dark moving spots or motes seem to float in the air, flashes of light are evolved, accompanied by pain, giddiness, and a sense of heaviness in the brow or temple, too frequently by neglect or maltreatment, terminating in total loss of vision.

CATARACTS and OPACITIES or Specks on the Eye, are effectually removed. The most inveterate cases of STRABISMUS or SQUINTING cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

SPECTACLES.—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. Residence and Offices 261 Broadway, cor. Warren-st. Spt. 13-ly.

JOHNSON'S DRUG AND PERFUMERY STORE.

THIS place now belongs to Mr. HENRY JOHNSON, a partner in the late firm of A. B. Sands & Co.

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Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Huttleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6.	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6.	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence,	E. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay,	Esra Nye,	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6.	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

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Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James,	F. R. Meyers,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1.	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20.
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	10, 10, 10.	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.
Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Switzerland,	E. Knight,	10, 10, 10.	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	10, 10, 10.	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1.
Hendrick Hudson,	G. Moore,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Prince Albert,	W. S. Sebor,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	10, 10, 10.	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.
Westminster,	Hovey,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.

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Oxford,	S. Yeaton,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	16, 16, 16.	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1.	16, 16, 16.
Fidela, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16, 16.	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.	16, 16, 16.
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	16, 16, 16.	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1.
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.	16, 16, 16.
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	16, 16, 16.	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1.

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

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